New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVIII · No. 1493 SATURDAY · 24 OCTOBER 1959 NINEPENCE

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New Worlds for Old

WITH the uncertainty of the election behind him, Mr Macmillan is now pressing hard for an early summit. There are still obstacles. Dr Adenauer would prefer a further foreign ministers' meeting before the big four gather. General de Gaulle would like to postpone a summit until he has arranged a cease-fire in Algeria (which now seems possible) and also, according to some reports, until he has had a chance, like his two western colleagues, of a preliminary talk with Mr Krushchev himself. But, significantly, these objections are based solely on the timing of the summit; there is no longer any outright opposition to the principle of a big four gathering. This is an important and welcome change since the spring, when the summit was a dirty word in Bonn and Paris.

An even more important change has taken place in Washington. When President Eisenhower assumed personal direction of US foreign policy in July and decided to break with the Dulles line, he took a considerable political risk. By agreeing to meet Mr Krushchev, he invited (and received) factious criticism from a section of the Democrats; and, had the Camp David talks foundered, this would undoubtedly have spread to his own party. Fortunately, the gamble came off. Not only did Camp David produce a positive result – the final withdrawal of the Berlin ultimatum – but, in the course of these talks, the President formed an estimate of Mr Krushchev's character and intentions which exactly confirmed the impression Mr Macmillan brought back from Moscow. The American and Soviet leaders left the meeting with an enhanced respect for each other, and for a simple reason. The President's greatest gift is his ability to manage brilliant eccentrics. At Camp David he found this worked in the case of Mr Krushchev just as, during the war, it worked with Montgomery and Patton.

The stage is thus set for a meeting of minds, if not of ideologies, at the highest personal level. And for this Mr Macmillan deserves great credit: for, following a train of thought which Sir Winston Churchill inherited from Roosevelt, he perceived that the best approach to ending the Cold War was to revive the war-time conference system. From experience, Churchill knew that no single conference could settle all the Cold War problems; but each might serve to broaden the areas of agreement, and so place disputes in perspective. Macmillan's aim was to accustom western official opinion to the idea of regular top-level exchanges, and to remind the world that East and West have one vital thing in common – fear of annihilation. In this he appears to have succeeded.

But how far, and how quickly, can common fears be translated into common action? At the United Nations, there is a persistent and growing hope that some form of disarmament agreement is in sight – certainly in the sphere of tests and perhaps on more fundamental issues. The test negotiations, though arduous, have done much to remove Soviet objections, in principle, to controls (and so to weaken the anti-disarmament lobby in the Pentagon). Mr Krushchev now seems to realise that, if he is to get disarmament, he will have to accept a measure of inspection – and his need for disarmament, as K. S. Karol explains on another page, is very real. He has, as it were, taken on a bet: to surpass American living standards in the foreseeable future. At present, it looks like a wild bet; but if he can switch the Soviet armaments industry to consumer production, he has a real chance of winning it.

But what of America? Could its economy survive the shock of a drastic cut in defence? Krushchev, arguing from Marxist principles, may well believe that American capitalism cannot afford to risk real disarmament. No one can yet be certain that he is wrong. But Marx lived in a world which looked inwards; one vital, invalidating factor was left out of his equation – space. The advanced industries which, increasingly, have absorbed the lion's share of the US defence budget are precisely those which one day will place men on the Moon and beyond. Armaments have been the luxury without which capitalism cannot survive. Space can take their place. 'I called the New World into existence, to redress the balance of the Old.' Canning's principle has a new – and startling – meaning today.

Comments on the Week's News

Labour and the Monckton Commission

One of the first decisions which the Labour Party will have to take now that the election is over is whether to nominate representatives to the Commission appointed by the government to prepare for the 1960 Conference. This decision will immediately test the strength of Labour's principles in Africa. After rejecting the Labour Party's demand for a parliamentary commission to review the situation in Central Africa, Mr Macmillan announced just before the recess that a Commission was to be set up consisting of a British chairman, six Privy Councillors from the British Parliament (three of them from the Opposition), four independent members from Britain and two from Commonwealth countries, and 13 members from the Federation, five to be Africans. The Commission's function is to examine the material collected by a committee of officials, study the Central African situation and advise the five governments who will take part in the review of the Federal constitution in 1960. Mr Gaitskell immediately condemned the structure of the Commission and queried its terms of reference. Since then the government has announced that Lord Monckton is to be its chairman—obviously an attempt to persuade the Opposition to change its mind. It is difficult to see what such a commission can achieve when a committee of officials has already assembled the material—unless it be to prejudge the political decisions which have to be taken by the governments themselves. Perhaps Mr Macleod, the new Colonial Secretary, will have second thoughts if he is still strongly pressed by Labour's leaders. The test of any such conversion will be, first, whether the Commission is clearly given terms of reference which allow it to consider not only the present federal structure, but other forms of association and the right of secession; second, whether the Africans chosen are truly representative and accepted as such by their people. With such a preponderence of federal supporters on the Commission it is highly unlikely that any genuine African representative will accept nomination. Unless it is absolutely satisfied on these points, the Labour Party should have nothing to do with the Commission.

Lord Hailsham's Task

For the first time a Cabinet minister has the full-time job of dealing with the relations of science with industry and government. The responsibilities for civil research which Lord Hailsham already had as Lord President now extend to atomic energy. No longer preoccupied with party matters, he will now be able to look beyond these departmental horizons at the whole field of science and technology. On what he does or fails to do in the next five years depends, more than he probably yet realises, Britain's future as an industrial nation. His ignorance of scientific fact is no recommendation for the job, but it is only fair to say that there is no such thing as an expert on 'science', comprehensively, just as there is no expert on 'the humanities'. Hailsham has worked long enough with the Research Councils to know that expert scientists speak with many voices, are apt to shrug off their moral liabilities and, in a few cases, out-class politicians as go-getters. He should also know by now that publicity about science can be grossly misleading and what seems glamorous is rarely the most important thing. There are three tasks in particular which even a Conservative lawyer could now undertake. The first is to see that the machine tools industry is made adequate to the needs of automation: he might well, through Mr Sandys, get more electronics and aircraft firms to go into the business. Then he should see there is a British initiative for the internationalisation of space research. Thirdly he should correct the present neglect of basic biological research, compared with the physical sciences.

South African Elections

Although only about a half of the South African Provincial Council seats were contested last week and only just over half the electorate voted in them, there is some significance in the results. The Nationalists won five seats from the United Party; but the latter increased their total vote, so the Nationalists have no greater mandate than before, either for the Bantustan policy of separate white and black states, or for their republic – the two issues on which the election was fought. In any case, the Nationalists are still contradicting each other as to whether their conception of Bantustan implies full independence for black states or continued control by the whites. The most interesting result of the election was that 20,000 whites voted for the Liberal and Progressive parties. It is encouraging to know that, even under the overbearing pressure of Nationalist and United Party racialism, there are still so many Europeans in South Africa far-sighted and brave enough to realise that only non-racialism can ever bring peace and harmony to their country.

A Free for All

It has been a troubled week for the nationalised industries. The Coal Board has made public its plans for the immediate future; the National Union of Mineworkers has made its criticisms of these plans: increased fares are announced for the railways. The coal situation is bad. Stocks, now at 50 million tons, are rising by half a million tons a week. Between 1960 and 1965 over 200 collieries are, for a variety of reasons, likely to close. If demand does not rise above 200 million tons annually by this later date the industry's labour force will need to fall from 653,000 to 587,000. (It is always possible that demand may not reach even that figure.) The NUM has stated it will oppose the closure of uneconomic pits unless alternative employment is provided for the men displaced. It has also reiterated its demand for a national fuel policy, and deplored the present 'free for all'. Fuel, of course, is not the only industry suffering from this kind of free for all: transport is another. In raising most fares by one farthing only of the penny the Transport Tribunal permitted, and by less on long-distance runs where competition from the air is keen, BTC have done their best in difficult circumstances. Their limited adoption of price-incentive to travel in off-peak hours in London may be socially useful as well as profitable if it encourages the staggering of working-hours. Both industries, however, are suffering, as indeed is the nation, from the absence of a planned economy, from a desire for so-called 'competition' in which the referee is on the side of their rivals.

NEXT WEEK

Mid-Autumn Books

An enlarged issue

also including

An Important New Plan for Ending the Israeli-Egyptian Dispute

Good News for Convalescents

There have been gaps in the National Health Service which prevent it from being as fully comprehensive as the 1946 Act intended. One is its failure to provide satisfactory convalescent facilities. Few convalescent homes were taken over by the hospital service, and both these and the many which remained outside have failed to provide adequate accommodation for patients who are in most need, such as cardiac cases, asthmatics, colostomies, skin sufferers and special groups such as the infirm aged and adolescents. There has also been a considerable administrative mix-up between the claims of those requiring active convalescent treatment and those for whom a recuperative holiday is sufficient. Successive ministers have failed to grasp the nettle. Now there is at last a hope of improvement. A working party has examined the position in the four metropolitan hospital regions and has found convalescence to be 'a medical and nursing backwater'. Its report says that this service must become more active, planned and integrated with other aspects and disciplines of medicine. The hospital service is called upon to undertake a major overhaul of the type, use and administration of beds. If implemented, the recommendations will improve the quality of active convalescence, where a measure of treatment is provided. Where they do not go far enough is in excluding from the responsibility of the hospital service the provision of the recuperative holiday type of case.

Treatment of Young Criminals

Most young criminals prefer a prison sentence to Borstal, because it is likely to be much shorter and they know almost exactly when they will get out. Moreover, getting out depends much less on their own behaviour; they can work off much more resentment on the 'screws'. Mr Butler's White Paper of February this year proposed that, in the case of young people, every sentence of over six months and under three years should be served in a new kind of 'custodial training' integrating Borstal and imprisonment, with a maximum of two years and a hope of parole at any time after six months. This would probably be a much greater deterrent than the present arrangement, even if it means ending the Borstal system as we know it. The Howard League for Penal Reform, in its Annual Report published last week, supports the idea of greater flexibility in the institutional treatment of young offenders; it also urges – and it is very much to be hoped that the Home Office will listen – that this extension of an existing system which is still largely experimental should be the subject of 'controlled experiments' in the years to come.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Drift to the Left

Our Paris Correspondent writes: On my return to Paris after an absence of two months, a friend told me: 'Look how France has changed while you've been away. De Gaulle has practically become a Mendèsist, upholding the right of the Algerians to self-determination, while Mendès-France has become a Socialist – even a left-wing Socialist – campaigning side by side with Edouard Depreux and the Independent Socialist Party. We're practically on the eve of a peace settlement in Algeria, and the partisans of the war like Debré and Delbecque are divided and powerless. Who would have thought it, a few months ago?' At first glance, the facts seem to confirm this analysis. By his 16 September announcement, General de Gaulle conceded the principle of self-determination, and so destroyed the myth of *Algérie française* (and, incidentally the myth that the Algerian deputies elected last November are in any way representative).

The only weakness in my friend's analysis was that de Gaulle did not make it clear how the cease-fire – the indispensable preliminary to the referendum – would be brought about. But at this point the FLN stepped in. 'Peace is possible immediately', said Ferhat Abbas, announcing that the Commander in Chief of the Algerian Army, M. Boussouf, was ready to negotiate a cease-fire. The rebels have made it clear that they will accept the Gaullist challenge to submit the three alternative solutions to the verdict of the Algerian people, that they are consequently willing to stop fighting, and that they insist on negotiating only about the guarantees necessary to ensure a genuinely free pre-referendum campaign. It is believed that neither de Gaulle nor his 'liberal' advisers expected such a clear – and embarrassing – reply. But what can they do about it? De Gaulle gave his word on 16 September; he has now got to keep it – or risk losing face before international opinion. Last week, while right-wing extremists were chalking 'De Gaulle Equals Mendès' on the walls of Paris, M. Debré was telling the Assembly that no sovereignty existed in Algeria (and, therefore, no French sovereignty) and that the offer of military negotiations with the rebel leaders was still open. Political commentators forecast a revolt of the 'Men of 13 May' against this betrayal, but only nine deputies left the UNR (including Léon Delbecque, the master-mind of the *coup*, and Colonel Thomaso) and even they – when it became clear that their gesture was a fiasco – asked for readmission the next day and were contemptuously turned down by Debré.

In Algiers, too, apart from a few bitter outbursts, the reaction was feeble, and it would seem that the massive confidence vote of the Assembly has definitely opened the door to peace. I say 'it would seem', because there still exists a number of obstacles, which are difficult to measure but which could prove fatal. The threat of white terrorism, or even of a *coup d'état*, is, I believe, less serious than the opposition of the Army. In France today, there are the parties which sit in the Assembly, which are of symbolic importance, and there is the party which sits on the Algerian front: the Army – and its importance is real. To find out whether peace is really in sight, it is necessary to know not only the result of the vote in the Palais Bourbon, but also the reactions of the generals, communicated directly and privately to General de Gaulle – and it is precisely these which we do not know. Certainly, if the President is prepared to invoke his constitutional powers and carry through his policy to the bitter end, the revolt of a few military hotheads could achieve little and would not threaten the existence of the Fifth Republic. But it is an open secret that de Gaulle is anxious to avoid a trial of strength with the Army. If a significant fraction of its leaders are opposed to negotiations, they will not take place, at any rate just yet, and the war will go on. In consequence, it is premature to give way to optimism.

Washington

The Steel Crisis

The steel strike ground its weary way more than three months before attracting the serious attention of the public or the government. More than 500,000 members of the steelworkers' union went on strike last July, shutting down nearly the whole of the industry, and gradually 200,000 other workers in related industries became idle as a result of the strike. The management of the companies were in a good position to withstand a long struggle; the mills had been operated at near capacity throughout the winter and spring, most customers were well stocked with steel, and profits in the first six months broke records.

Another important asset the steel managers possessed was their ally in the White House, Mr Eisenhower. He has keyed his entire administration of domestic affairs this year to the theme of stopping inflation. (A deficit of $12,000 million, a peace-time record, in the fiscal year which ended last 30 June did not cause an increase in prices but that circumstance is blithely ignored in administration propaganda.) The companies fitted their case against the union neatly into the President's anti-inflation theme and pictured themselves as the heroic defenders of the integrity of the dollar. Their publicity suggested that it was not their own profits but everybody's life insurance and personal savings they were protecting. The companies were also secure in the knowledge that when steel supplies dwindled Mr Eisenhower would almost certainly invoke the Taft-Hartley Act, obtain a court injunction, and thereby send the men back to work for another 80 days. If the strike were resumed after that interval, it would be starting up again right around the Christmas holidays when the desire to forgo one's wages is at its lowest ebb.

Mr Eisenhower is close to the steel managers. George Humphrey, his former Secretary of the Treasury and still his confidant, is head of the National Steel Co. George Allen, his golfing companion and Gettysburg neighbour, is a director of Republic Steel Co. Almost all of the other leading steel managers are party campaign fund contributors and have access to the White House. Mr Eisenhower inevitably finds the steel managers' views congenial to his own unsophisticated conservatism and he is surrounded by men with pro-management bias.

Before the strike began and in its opening stages, both sides laid down barrages of newspaper advertising on the questions of profits and wages. The union tried to make clear its claim to a share of the increase in profits; the management side thumped its anti-inflation argument.

But as the strike dragged on, the issue shifted to work rules. It became clear that the striking workers, a sizeable number of whom earn $7,000 annually and who as a group are one of the three best-paid categories of workers in American industry, were not really wholeheartedly behind their union's wage demands. Their primary concern was security and regularity of employment in an industry that has traditionally known the feast-and-famine cycle. Next to steady employment, the objective most alluring to workers was a medical insurance plan. (The cost of medical care remains the great gap in this country's rudimentary welfare state.) The issue that was keeping the strike going and that was making the strikers cleave firmly to their union leadership was the companies' announced desire to alter the working rules in the mills to gain 'increased efficiency'. The companies for their part also narrowed their concern down to the working rule issue. Standing in an excellent profit position on the basis of the first half-year's operations, the managers chose this year to force a showdown on work rules.

This issue is murky and bitterly controversial. Over the past decade, the largest of the companies increased its total output while reducing its work force about 20 per cent. Moreover, increasing automation holds out the prospect of a continued gradual decline in the number of workers. The strikers fear that if the work rules are substantially revised, this reduction in force would proceed very rapidly.

After virtuously keeping his hands off the dispute all summer in the name of free collective bargaining, President Eisenhower was finally forced this month by the growing steel shortage to appoint a three-man fact-finding board and begin to plunge into the tortuous course prescribed by the Taft-Hartley Act.

Two conclusions would seem to stand out from this long test of wills. The first is that big unions are not the equal of big management in economic power; unions simply cannot amass the reserves needed to protect their members from distress in a long strike. The second is that no equitable, rational way has yet been devised to divide the profits created by improved technology among managers, stockholders, workers, and the public in semi-monopoly industries where prices are managed rather than set in the market place. Free collective bargaining until the workers and their families reach the point of financial exhaustion and distress would not seem to be the definite answer to this problem.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Fleet Street

Having It Good

Any Labour politicians who are still wondering what hit them might do worse than flip through a market survey just produced by that golden sister of the *Daily Herald*, the fabulously successful *People*, the only mass circulation Sunday paper to keep on increasing its circulation when all others have been falling – don't ask me why. The survey is called 'The *People* Home' – and in view of the *People's* readership it is a safe bet that the *People* contains a fair number of those who, now enjoying their increased pay packets, decided with Mr Macmillan that they had never had it so good.

This is the second investigation conducted by the *People* into its 14,000,000 odd readers. It has combined with the picture of its own readership similar facts about the readers of the other popular

Sunday papers so that the two surveys together provide a portrait which has a good deal of social and political – as well as journalistic and advertising – interest. On any given Sunday 93 per cent. of all adults and 92 per cent. of all housewives read at least one of these papers. The composite picture of how they live can therefore be regarded as giving a pretty accurate picture of a large part of the British electorate.

Here are some of the facts that emerge. Among Sunday newspaper readers, 59 per cent. now live in homes with from four to five living rooms (for the *People* itself the figure is higher, 62 per cent.) and 78 per cent. of them have houses, not flats. Of these houses about a third (in the case of the *Sunday Express* it is over a half and in that of the *People* itself 31 per cent.) are either owned by the occupiers or are being bought on mortgage. About 77 per cent. have gardens. About a quarter of all Sunday paper families now own cars. The figure is well above this, as one would expect, for the *Sunday Express* (35 per cent.) a point or two lower, 22 per cent., for the *People* and the *Sunday Pictorial*. But what is hardly less significant is that between 64 per cent. and 68 per cent. of the families who read the three biggest mass circulation Sunday papers, the *News of the World*, the *Sunday Pictorial* and the *People*, have bought their cars during the last two years. Most of the cars are second-hand. Almost a quarter are new.

In well over a third of these families, 35 per cent. in the case of the *People* and 36 per cent. in those of the *News of the World* and the *Sunday Pictorial*, there are now two or more wage earners fully employed. When the further fact is taken into account that in 14 per cent. of the families earnings are swollen by part-time work by at least one member, usually presumably the housewife, 'You can', as the Survey remarked, 'see that the money coming into the *People* home is fairly considerable'. This is reflected in the increasing sums now spent on leisure and holidays and in the amount spent by housewives on foods sold under brand names – the average weekly bill of *People* housewives for such branded foods is £1 12s. 5d. To judge from the general picture the *People* family has a good deal of money.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Westminster

Jay-walking

Mr Douglas Jay has performed a remarkable service to the Parliamentary Labour Party. By his article in *Forward*, which seemed to suggest that the Labour Party, in the face of defeat, should change both its name and its spots, he has united both 'left' and 'right'.

The expected clash between those who want more Socialism, usually expressed in demands for more public ownership, and those who want less, has not happened. Both are agreed that the programme presented to the country was a good one, that even if the emphasis here and there was too slight or too strong for individual taste, the programme expressed general principles which are fundamental and that to jettison them now would be as unthinkable as it would be unwise.

Jay has in fact strengthened the natural instincts of the party in defeat, which are to fight back, rather than run away; whether his kite was a piece of private enterprise or the product of the tiny but influential group of which he is an associate, it must now be clear to everyone that it will not fly even upon Hampstead Heath.

Another forecast that has gone wrong. The defeat would result in a drive against the leadership of Mr Gaitskell. The only complaints that I have heard against his conduct of the campaign were the middle-of-the-election pledges about income tax and purchase tax – though it is now known that the latter was made without his authority. Indeed, one purpose of the inquest should be to find out who made this pledge and why. In every other way, Gaitskell's leadership in the campaign not merely satisfied but inspired the party and, with Mr Bevan wisely accepting the deputy leadership, there is no possibility of a personal challenge to Gaitskell.

None of this means, however, that the party intends to stand still or is self-satisfied. Indeed, the sharpest criticisms I have heard from members have been of their own collective performance during the last Parliament. It is now recognised that an election cannot be won in a three weeks' campaign, however brilliantly conducted, and that defeat was, at least in part, due to the failure of the opposition in the past four years.

Among the immediate proposals for remedying this is the strengthening of the front bench to include younger and abler members of the party, whether or not they happen to be ex-ministers or members of the Parliamentary Committee. If the leader, in making these new appointments, intends to meet the mood of the party, he will include in them people who are not prepared to let attacks on public ownership go unanswered.

Besides a determination to change the party's image in the House, there is also a desire to change the somewhat fusty image which the party occasionally presents in the country. One tiny example mentioned is the refusal of Bolton labour councillors to attend the Montgomery lunch. How much better, it is said, to brush off Monty, as Morgan Phillips did, with the remark that if all Labour voters had been in loony bins during the war, we should have had some generals but no army or, as George Brown did, after the election result, when he sent a telegram to his local lunatic asylum: 'Kindly make room for 31,000 Belper voters'. Narrowness and pomposity in this, as in much larger issues, are unlikely to attract the younger voters.

The Parliamentary Labour party, therefore, while reaffirming its fundamental beliefs, now wants to express them in more spirited terms; and it has already begun to discuss ways and means in a vigorous, determined and, thank goodness, well-tempered way. But while the party has got off on the right foot, Parliament, unfortunately, has not. Once again we have seen the Speaker, who should be appointed by the whole House, made the placeman of the Prime Minister; and the resentment of the opposition at this is fully justified. Nothing can be done about it now; but, for the future, it really should be established that a Speaker, when he retires, should do so, after full notice, during the lifetime of a Parliament, so that all members can have a say in nominating his successor and so that a House of Commons' opinion can develop about the MP who is to be the best man for the job.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Changing of the Guard

THE PUBLIC OWNERSHIP DEBATE

I: Labour and the Old Boy Net

I AM sure that a lot of thinking (not so much re-thinking) needs to be done by the Labour Party. We ought to consider thoroughly the lessons of the campaign; but on the evidence calls for surrender are to say the least premature. The mass support of the party has been tested, and so has the enthusiasm of the party workers. There can be little doubt that the campaign has turned what looked like a catastrophe into a merely painful set-back. What stands out is the problem of how to counter the continuous and massive propaganda effort of the Tories. There is need to reconsider tactics and organisation in this respect. This will be easier because there is no dispute about personalities; we can, as Mr Gaitskell said, concentrate on policy issues.

Two important impressions, not, as we shall see, unconnected, stand out from Labour's economic campaign. The first is that national ownership has been played down as far as possible. The second is that the issue of finance – the question whether taxes have to be raised to pay for better social services – played an important, if not a decisive, part in the later stages of the campaign. In both, the Conservatives have carried out intensive propaganda over many years. Their efforts were helped by the advertising millions spent by big businesses, aided by deficient taxation rules, and by the memories of earlier domestic disagreements in the Labour Party. The Tories could freely exploit Labour's furtive and defensive attitude to new forms of public ownership. The same impression of unreliability was created about our financial plans. In the end – as in Australia – the lower-income classes were more impressed by their rise in the standard of life than by the promises of substantial benefits from an expanding economy and greater social justice.

Those who want to change our name and policy seem to take the view that capitalism has been completely transformed. It is no use, we are told, to hark back to the 1930s; the new generation wants something different. The problems of full employment and accelerated growth have both been solved. What we need is a bit more equality, especially social equality, and a general brightening up. No doubt the abolition of public schools in their present form is too unpopular to be contemplated, but a bit of university reform, or the loosening of the drink laws, will, together with a fresh look at obscenity, or perhaps divorce, more discerning handling of social services, especially pensions, provide an effective alternative to the appeal of the Bow Group Conservatives. The programme could be paid for by increasing taxes on unearned income and wealth, by pressing on expense accounts and stopping other loopholes, and contributions mainly put on employers. (How this affects prices we are not told.) Such a bald outline of this approach to the future of Labour's programme might give a possibly exaggerated impression, but by and large it is not unfair.

I disagree for two basic reasons. I do not, in the first place, believe that the Labour Movement can possibly run a campaign successfully by saying it could improve on the Tories' handling of capitalism. If it is merely a question of the ins and outs, the Conservatives, by checking their wild men in the period before the election and getting over the unpopular measures buttressing their hold on the economy at the beginning of their term of office, can always outwit Labour. On the plane of selfish appeal the Tories seem unbeatable; they invoke the fear of change. So long as there is no economic setback (or foreign political difficulty) this tactic is likely to prevail.

I do not believe, secondly, that a progressive (far less a Labour) party can solve the difficulties of present-day capitalism or that the capitalist system can match the challenge of Communism without radical reform, including a large measure of public ownership. No doubt the wealthy classes have, for selfish reasons, exaggerated the argument that unbalanced budgets, progressive taxes or direct controls are incompatible with the continued expansion of the individualist system. The deliberate pursuit of social aims and social justice does interfere with the momentum of private enterprise. An élite cannot be left in absolute control of the means of production and then be crippled with penal fiscal measures; they will find escape routes.

The 'free' system can work. Germany and France prove it. But it works only when trade unions are weak and a decisive increase in the share of profits in the national income is assured. No 'Radical', let alone Labour, party, could possibly adopt such a policy without losing its mass basis. The American steel strike proves that, even in a far richer and more expansive environment than ours, the present phase of capitalism cannot solve the problem of stable yet rapid growth without a defeat of the trade unions as we now know them. Conversely, the sort of intervention, especially by taxation, which would safeguard equality in the distribution of income and permit deliberate stabilisation to achieve accelerated growth, will encounter the bitterest resistance from capitalism.

But even if it 'works' in the sense of continued expansion, the unplanned and unrestrained profit-seeking private system produces increasing frustration. At the precise moment when Americans such as Professors Galbraith and Schlesinger begin to step back and see the unbalanced pattern of life created by their economic system – at that precise moment Labour is exhorted to glorify a shoddy replica of the Transatlantic Subtopia.

It is not my business to elaborate electoral programmes. But I would submit that in framing a programme it would be foolish to accept the Tory claim that the free system has solved the dilemma between full employment and price stability, and assured steady progress. The election months in 1959 as in 1955 represent the exceptional months in which a fall in unemployment and price stability coincided with a considerable rise in output. The new wave of strikes, the increase in rail fares, show that the situation will not long be maintained. The policy of 'freedom' has not yet been vindicated, but its cost can already be measured in terms of the decline of British economic power and the threat to Britain's international viability. The same people who in 1951 thought that the cost of our imports would continuously rise and cripple our prosperity now seem as convinced that the Conservatives will always have favourable terms of trade. Almost half of the increase in the real national income since 1951 has been accounted for by this. It is an insane gamble to rely on this factor so much for so long a time. Our competitive power is vital for survival. The rate of fixed investment is still dangerously below that of our competitors. Despite the efforts of the Tory press to gloss over our relative decline, our production is only some 20 per cent. above 1955 as against over 60 per cent. in France, and in Germany, and over 100 per cent. in Japan. This year, motor-car production both in Germany and France was greater than ours (and ours is being cut by steel shortage), and in shipbuilding we have been outpaced by Japan and Germany. We have lost second place as manufacturing exporters. At this stage of our recovery we are already running short of steel – essential for smooth expansion.

I do not myself believe in wholesale nationalisation and public monopoly à la Morrison. I feel that Labour needs to reconsider the choice of the personnel and methods of management before it can safely take over further industries. Huge concentrations of irresponsible power in the hands of failing civil servants will not do. Labour needs to be more critical of its own record. But I certainly would not be furtive about renationalising or building steelworks or machine-tool factories under state ownership. Attractive 'Radical' proposals – pushed as an alternative to public ownership – about the 'accountability of private industry' and 'workers' representation on boards of directors' either turn out to be sham (as in Germany) or result in abject failure of enforcing real accountability. I should certainly not accept the self-seeking advice of the steel magnates who, gorged with vast profits and capital gains, now have the effrontery to blame the British shortage on the American steel strike. (They claimed before and during the election to be 'leading the world'.) Public ownership is vital to transform Britain into a high investment, dynamic economy. What is needed is patient educational work to convince people that the present scramble means either price instability or stagnation. Only a juster distribution of the gains in national income could bring about the increase in confidence that it is needed for stabilisation and growth. In this way only can Britain catch up with its competitors without grave social unrest, and Labour's special relations with the unions be turned into an asset.

Even on the most cynical electioneering basis the advice to repudiate our old programme seems inept. I hardly believe that the 'image' of the Party will be enhanced in this way or our reputation for reliability and steadfastness increased. Above all, no one will be convinced that the leaders of the Labour Party – however 'reformed' – will find a better response in the City than the Etonian representatives of the Old Boy Net in a Conservative Cabinet. And to succumb after a competition with the Tories in opportunistic compromise is to make sure of losing the faith of the millions who have remained loyal.

THOMAS BALOGH

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THE PUBLIC OWNERSHIP DEBATE

II: Liberalism and Nationalisation

LIBERALS and Socialists have relished a love-hate relationship for generations. I don't think it useful to go into the history of their amours and quarrels. The important thing now is to look at the present situation and the possible response of Liberals and Labour party supporters to it. I am speaking of the response from individuals – not the official attitudes of the parties. There have been some fundamental disagreements, seriously held and argued, between Liberals and Socialists about the role of the State. These disagreements are by no means resolved, but nor will they ever be resolved between Liberals and fervid State Socialists. But between many people in both parties they could become much less serious.

Most Liberals fully accept that the Community has an immense part to play. I for my part certainly hold the view that in such matters as town planning, and the development of the countryside and the arts, quite apart from such essentials as the Welfare Services, there is a lot to be done communally. If I believe that this type of communal activity should not degenerate into the protection of out-of-date industries; if I am not convinced that all this need be done by the central government, these opinions would not, I imagine, be irremovable barriers to co-operation with many people now in other parties who broadly think the same way. If we can keep up the rate of economic advance (and it is vital that the Left should be expansionist) then it should be possible to hold down taxation and yet have enough over for communal purposes. Further, the bulk of Labour now accepts Keynesian economics – the liberal alternative to Socialism.

However, one of the difficulties – and the one with which I have been asked specifically to deal – in any revival of a radical movement on the Left of politics is the question of public ownership. Public ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange has been the central constitutional doctrine of the Socialist Party. To the two important questions which used to be asked of any progressive party: 'What are your aims?' and 'How are you going to achieve them?' the doctrine of public ownership gave for Socialists a distinctive and, up to the war, a reasonably satisfying reply. Now it does so no longer. Indeed, it is possible that with a more sophisticated electorate and more complex problems such simple slogans are out-dated.

When after the war the Labour Party had their first opportunity of putting their own doctrine into practice on a considerable scale its shortcomings were exposed. The type of nationalisation favoured was a blend between bureaucratic control and the profit motive. The result has been to lose many of the advantages both of public control and private initiative. For instance, few people feel in any real sense they 'own' the nationalised industries. They take extraordinarily little pride in the achievements of these industries and no responsibility for their failures. Parliament can exercise no real control, yet at the same time the fear of political interference has led to a harmful feeling of insecurity among the managements. Another fundamental weakness of the industries springs from the lack of a clear definition of responsibility.

Nationalisation – implying the present form of nationalisation – is therefore a word vetoed even by enthusiastic Socialists. But two at least of the arguments for public control still ring true. The first is the simple argument that the present system is unfair; its rewards are haphazard and concentrated in too few pockets. The other argument is that in its present form capitalism divides the nation, because the wage earners have different interests from the employers, and is undemocratic. To realise the justifiable hopes of those who see public ownership as an answer to some of the admitted evils of the capitalist system we have to examine much more closely the various methods available to us. We now realise that it was a grossly over-simplified analysis of the ills of industrial society that led to the conclusion that the cure lay solely in a change of ownership. Many of the social and psychological consequences of recent developments are not touched by any alteration in ownership.

For two hundred years we have been creating an industrial society, immensely rich and impressive in many respects but horrible in others. The frustrations of many industrial workers, the suspicions between employers and their men, the distortions of social life, the uneven distribution of industrial wealth, unemployment, the hideousness of many industrial areas are only a few of the aspects of industrialisation which must be reformed before we begin to achieve an industrial civilisation.

There is no one simple, glorious formula. It is not a matter of scrubbing out nationalisation and writing co-ownership on the banners. If there is one guiding principle it is to insist continually that industry is a servant and not an end in itself. One of the things we ought to be able to achieve in the years to come is that most people will be able to spend less time at their jobs and have more opportunity to develop their lives outside them. But the set-up in industry will always be of importance – not least because it is a main experience of life for many people.

The attack upon industrial problems must be many-sided. Slum clearance, more beautiful cities, civilised 'fringe' benefits, such as American workers enjoy, the breakdown of the 'officer-other ranks' distinction between 'the management or the staff' and the 'industrial workers' – all these are important. And though the government cannot legislate on some of these things it can do a lot to deal with them in a number of ways – by example, persuasion and tax adjustments. Co-operation may also have a big part to play, especially in agriculture.

Then there is the need to spread ownership. If we do not blow ourselves up we should become very rich. For the first time we can make it possible for people to own enough to make a significant change in the quality of their lives. The position in 1950, when more than 60 per cent. of adults over 25 still owned less than £100 and, according to a 1953 survey, only 4 per cent. of householders owned industrial shares, is a mockery of possibilities – among them the possibility that people might really come to feel that British industry belonged to them.

Combined with a share in ownership must go a more effective say in decisions. In some cases this will mean worker-directors, in some greatly extended responsibilities at local level for the trade unions, and everywhere more effective consultative procedures. The factory is the place where lives are spent and wealth produced. The nearer decisions can be made to the factory floor the better.

All this would bring us near a society where more citizens have more scope and responsibility. It would lead to a better distribution of the better things in life. There are, of course, objections. If you believe that private ownership and the profit motive are evil, then much of this is a step in the wrong direction. That the profit motive can be bad carried to excess, I do not deny. But so can many other ambitions. I, personally, would wholly accept that a high proportion of the growing wealth of the country should not only be used for communal purposes within and without the country but also that we should maintain areas of life where the profit motive does not count. To me a more useful distinction might be if instead of talking about nationalised and free enterprise projects (both run for profit at present) we discussed the possibility of non-profit-making as against profit-making activities. I accept, too, that there must remain with the government important powers to guide finance and industry. It is obvious, however, that these powers can be used in a variety of ways and not simply by Whitehall nationalisation.

Mrs Castle told us last week that 'forms of ownership ought to be evolved which would share the fruits more fairly and more economically.' If this is anything more than a general hope which all shades of economic opinion would claim to accept, then it must be defined specifically in terms of what it means to the individual – and when we do that, the question is as much political as social and economic.

If we want a society in which there is equality of opportunity; if we want to achieve some of the hearts' desires which lay behind nationalisation and cure some of our present ills, then we now need an attack on a wide front designed to change the status of the worker and on this there should be common ground for radicals of all parties.

JO GRIMOND

London Diary

IF Douglas Jay – or Jo Grimond – had said that Labour should no longer base itself on the 'nationalisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange', which is not in fact their policy, that would have been sensible enough. But Douglas Jay (who, by the way, repudiates any alliance with the Liberals) went much farther, but it is because he is one of a small group of economists close to Gaitskell that his article made so great an impact. Nor can I see that Grimond's article (published on this page) can have any other effect than to tell the more progressive Liberals that they should seek for ways of working with the Labour Party. The Labour Party must state the case for public ownership in more realistic and modern terms, and then push propaganda for this policy in the country. In time it may win; the certainty is that it would lose if it threw away the Socialism which is what it has to offer to the world. It is quite untrue that young people are losing interest in politics; they have crowded to Labour meetings where Labour speakers have not been afraid to explain the real case against the existing order. If enough of them have not yet been persuaded, that is merely the result of failure to show the necessity of Socialism if our resources are to be properly used and our wealth to be justly shared.

* * *

Two views of China's communes have reached me this week, both from people who have recently visited them. One describes them as a noisy 'hell' of propaganda and ruthless compulsion; the other

as a paradise of happy and spontaneous co-operation. Some correction of both absurd views can be gained by reading the Chinese press. First, no single pattern can be true of all China. Secondly, the Chinese themselves admit that the peasants tend to neglect communal work and produce as much as they can on the small private holdings that had to be allowed them. But the lectures being given here at the China Fair, celebrating the tenth anniversary of the People's Republic, seem almost wholly uncritical and propagandist. Communists and fellow-travellers made the same mistake about the earlier progress of Soviet Russia. The fact is that the Chinese revolution is the greatest event of our age. A powerful Socialist China is being created at an amazing speed and China is showing more flexibility in its methods than Russia ever did. Peking, someone remarked, has mistakenly announced that it is advancing at 200 miles an hour; this should not blind us to the terrific truth that it is actually doing 110 miles an hour.

* * *

Two vigorous Socialist magazines, *Universities and Left Review* (circulation about 8,000) and the *New Reasoner* (circulation about 3,000), have very wisely decided to amalgamate. They had practically everything in common. The new journal will be called *New Left Review* and its first issue will appear in December; it will be bi-monthly and will cost 3s. 6d. It will be edited by Stuart Hall, who is going to give up his job teaching in a South London secondary modern school and devote himself to what should be an important role in Socialist 're-thinking.' This is only one of the activities planned by this group of young Socialists. They propose to publish books, the first of which will be a collection of essays called *Out Of Apathy*; the second is to deal with advertising. New centres of Socialist discussion are to be opened in the provinces in addition to the successful ones already at work in Edinburgh and Manchester. Naturally, for all these activities, they need money. They are appealing to sympathisers to pay what they call a 'Socialist Tax', meaning donations of 10s. or £1 a month.

* * *

General Marshall was a uniquely honest and disinterested soldier and Secretary of State. He will be remembered as the one top war leader who would not write his memoirs; he refused to hurt his colleagues, even for a publisher's offer of a million dollars. He said he didn't want a million dollars. He will also be remembered by everyone as the man who began to put into practice the idea of spending America's surplus on the devastated areas of the world, and he included the Communist world in his offer. Henry Wallace was notorious for having already put this idea on the political map before his resignation. Ernest Bevin immediately backed it. (So, by the way, did this journal in an enthusiastic front page article.) It was not Marshall's fault that it did not go according to plan. Stalin made a spectacular mistake in refusing co-operation and stopping the Poles and Czechs from accepting it. If the Russians had agreed, Congress, which voted for Marshall aid only as an anti-Communist move, would have turned it down; in that case European reconstruction would have gone forward on Communist, not American, lines. As it was, American aid stopped the probable advance of Communism in Europe; without it the Communist parties, then the largest in France and Italy, would not have faded out as they have done. Unhappily, as the Cold War proceeded, Marshall aid was every year increasingly transformed into martial aid.

If you go to the Motor Show you are told not to go in your car. The Duke of Edinburgh points out that our enthusiasm for motoring will soon mean that our cars can't move: his remedy is better roads. Agreed, but better roads won't stop congestion or death occurring on them. One obviously right proposal for lessening the death roll, if not congestion, is that suspension of licences should be an automatic part of the punishment for dangerous driving. But what a muddle we are in! In Chipping Norton, I read, the police recently prosecuted a man who left his car (as he had regularly done for about ten years) on a broad grass verge between some trees. Now, grass verges are legally part of the road, and the police held that his car, which was in fact in no one's way, was causing an 'unnecessary obstruction'. The matter even went to the High Court where the Chief Justice pointed out that 'unnecessary' doesn't mean 'unreasonable', and that necessity is harder to prove than unreasonableness. But what a fatuous prosecution! It is in the towns and not in the country that parking is so often both unreasonable and unnecessary, and yet it is in the towns that a million motorists do it daily with impunity. The Chipping Norton police ought to move to London.

* * *

The other day I stubbed my toes on one of the Big Noises of Fleet Street. I said that the *Mirror* had done a smart change since the election. He said, 'Well, they made a mistake, didn't they? And the *Observer*, they made a mistake, too.' 'A mistake?' I said. 'I thought perhaps they really thought it better for Labour to win.' He shook his head disapprovingly. 'It was bad for circulation, wasn't it?'

This devastating conversation was almost a repeat record of a story which J. A. Spender used to tell of an interview with one of the press barons before the first world war. Spender then edited an evening paper with a tiny circulation which always lost money but had great influence. He called on this press baron to point out the dangers of the warlike propaganda in his vast circulation papers. The tycoon, Spender said, 'sent for the circulation book'. (In these days he would have pointed to a chart on the wall.) The figures in the book showed a recent increase in sales. 'Dangerous?' he said. 'Not at all, you can see for yourself. Our sales have mounted fast ever since we began this campaign.'

* * *

'Unseasonable' sunshine, of course. But Cliff Michelmore's interviewing team were obviously taken aback at the impromptu answers they got from passers-by when the rain began. Were they pleased with the change in the weather? One might have expected people to welcome the rain for the garden or to relieve the dangerous shortage in the country, or they might have said it was nice weather for ducks. But they didn't. One and all, they *preferred* winter to summer. Summer, they said, was unhealthy, especially for children. At last, after these long light evenings, they didn't 'have to go out'. They could sit with their 'own four walls round them' looking at the telly or perhaps 'reading a book'. There is room for some philosophising here. We all build a picture of a regular, manageable life to which we are adapted. We have 'no clothes for hot weather', and it is 'good to get the children off to bed'. Humanity, I suppose, could scarcely have survived without its capacity for liking what it gets instead of fretting at not getting what would be better. So the Italians, strangely, like the sun, and the Eskimos, I suppose, enjoy their igloos in the snow; and the English like rain because it is so snug not to be in it.

CRITIC

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The Church of England has made a 'paper' profit of around £15,000,000 in the stock market boom touched off by the return of a Tory Government. A substantial part of the profit arises from the fact that the Church put its faith in steel.—*Sunday Express.* (L. Herdan.)

Mrs Maisie Silver, managing director of one firm dealing in maternity clothes, told me: 'We have sold about twice as many garments in the last month as we did in the same period last year. I think it is because the Queen has made pregnancy fashionable'—*Woman's Mirror.* (Maureen Dover.)

Mr Peter Sutherland, the managing director, said yesterday: 'We have spent more than £4,300 with Granada, but we shall not spend a penny more until it plays the National Anthem.' His father, Mr Edwin Sutherland, the chairman, said: 'When the National Anthem is played in our home we stand to attention.'—*Daily Herald.* (Peter Simmonds.)

Harold of England.—Killed in action defending his country from the invader, 14 October 1066.—Advt. in *The Times* personal column. (Iris Conlay.)

As a lover of budgies I was delighted when a friend told me that a woman in a Blackpool café last week had a handbag with a built-in birdcage containing a budgie . . . and she was feeding it with fish and chips.—Letter in *Empire News.* (R. J. West.)

Krushchev's View of the World

'Do you believe that such a mercurial temperament is compatible with the leadership of a great country?' This was the question which a number of American papers put to leading US psychiatrists, when it became clear that Mr Krushchev was subject to violent changes of mood, varying from grossly familiar joking to bursts of unpredictable rage. The reply given by the experts was confident: yes, there was evidence from Krushchev's behaviour that his childhood had been unhappy, but all agreed that he was perfectly fit to be premier of the USSR. The United States was thus given scientific assurance that Krushchev was the right man in the right place, etc., that his words, plans and assertions had to be taken seriously. But what exactly did he say to the Americans, and what does he really want?

It so happens that I got a preview of Krushchev in action nine days before he arrived in the US. By chance, while I was in Moscow, Nye Bevan and I went to a reception in honour of the Polish premier, Mr Cyrankiewicz, and for the first time I watched a Krushchev performance. He boasted of the achievements of Communist Poland, drew pictures with his hands of the different beards worn by Marx, Engels and Lenin, and spoke with sublime confidence of the future of the 'Camp' which was 'faithful to the doctrines of the three great bearded men'. This was extremely funny at the time; but later, it became an important standard of comparison. For, in America, even in the relaxed atmosphere of the San Francisco banquet, Krushchev never showed himself so much at his ease, so sure of himself and so spontaneously gay. He was quite visibly intimidated by his capitalist audience, while the need to have everything translated spoiled his best effects. He made innumerable slips (of grammar, etc.), and, to begin with, was sincerely afraid he was being misunderstood. At the end of his first press conference in Washington, he went so far as to buttonhole Bill Lawrence, the President of the Press Club, and express the hope that his behaviour hadn't given offence.

This contrast was not entirely due to the difference of mental climate. When talking to the Russians and their allies, Krushchev has a lot to say and promise. For the Americans, he has only a single phrase: 'We're too strong to fight each other'; all the rest is empty sloganising, useless at best and often liable to dangerous misinterpretation. Nevertheless, this single phrase, this new doctrine of Soviet-American relations, conceals a revolution in Krushchev's political thinking. Russia has today got rid of the old, obsessional fear of a capitalist attack—the fear which was the basis of Stalin's foreign policy, long before as well as long after World War II. When the de luxe 'Southern Pacific Daylight Train' passed by Vandenberg Air Force Base, all the journalists—above all the photographers—hung out of the windows to see the first operational US missile base. But not Krushchev. He did not appear to be interested. He knew that these glittering toys would never be launched against Russia, just as he knew that his own missiles would never strike America. The era of preventive wars and surprise attacks has passed. Neither Russians nor Americans can contemplate them, under pain of committing suicide. This is what Krushchev came to say to Eisenhower, and apparently the President agreed with him. Here is the basis for the accord between the two men—an accord which could eventually lead to a disarmament agreement, even on the drastic lines suggested by Krushchev to the UN.

Starting from this new situation, each side must re-adapt its internal policies. And here I come to the second conclusion I reached during my trips to America and Russia: Krushchev needs disarmament and he has a great deal to promise the Russians. As a refugee from Nazi-dominated Poland, I lived in Russia between 1939 and 1946, so I felt quite at home when I returned to Moscow this August. The city had grown enormously but the improvement in what people wore and ate was far from sensational. The passers-by on Gorki Street were still a world away from their equivalents on the Champs-Elysées or Regent Street. What really did strike me—and it is this which constitutes the Russian Miracle—is the development of air transport and television. When I was last in Russia, from Moscow to Tbilisi was a three-day journey; today it is two hours by Tupolev. Similarly, there is hardly a house in Moscow without TV antennæ, and in the Kholhoz we visited the day after the Gaitskell-Bevan broadcast, everyone recognised them from the night before. At first glance, this curiously unbalanced progress seems inexplicable; in fact, there is a very simple reason. To make space rockets, you need a gigantic electronics industry; and this can make TV sets as a by-product. Again, if you are making thousands of supersonic bombers, you might just as well produce Tupolevs, too. In short, the Russian industrial miracle is above all the miracle of a modern arms industry. Everything else is decades behind the West.

The Russians are proud, and with reason, of their country's scientific and technological achievements. But are they aware of the flagrant contrast between their extraordinary industrial progress and the actual standard of living they enjoy? I tried to find this out for myself by some elementary field work in Moscow. Soviet citizens no longer avoid contact with visitors from the West; although my clothes betrayed me straight away, I found it the easiest thing in the world to strike up a conversation in the Underground with a student, who promptly arranged for me to meet his friends. Hence I found myself walking along a deserted avenue near the Dynamo Stadium with the sons of a general, a well-known writer, a workman and an engineer—all four students born in 1937. They talked to me freely and warmly about their problems, without showing much curiosity about what I could tell them of the West. From our talk I derived an impression of great political confusion.

Thus: 'In Stalin's time (the son of the general speaking) the repression was terrible and often hit innocent people. My father was nearly one of the victims'. A few minutes later: 'Krushchev's accusations against Stalin were exaggerated. He said he'd done things which he couldn't possibly have done on the internal evidence—dates and places—of the report'. For the worker's son, Krushchev was by far the most intelligent of the present Russian leaders and genuinely anxious to raise living-standards. But, equally, he regarded Molotov as a man of integrity, intelligent and preoccupied with the public welfare; his semi-exile in Mongolia was a flagrant injustice. For Shepilov he had even warmer praise: 'The youngest, most gifted and most dynamic member of the Politburo'.

'Krushchev,' said the engineer's son, 'has retained his links with the people. He likes talking to ordinary men and women. He goes around with hardly any escort. One day, at the opening of an exhibition, I found myself next to him and was able to have a talk. He's quite different to Stalin, who shut himself up in the Kremlin.' But a few moments later, the same young man told me that Krushchev made a mistake in inflicting his old Russian proverbs on everybody, that his slanging match with Nixon was undignified, and that a lot of unkind anecdotes circulated about him. The writer's son added that the famous showdown at the meeting of the Central Committee in June 1958 was the result of a misunderstanding: neither Malenkov nor Molotov wanted to throw Krushchev out altogether. They merely wanted him to confine himself mainly to agriculture and stop meddling in everything. He himself, he said, thought Krushchev was the best of the bunch, but he regretted that he had joined together the premiership and the party secretaryship. 'This was exactly the criticism he levelled at Stalin.

But my acquaintances soon got off politics. They went on to describe their ordinary daily problems, and the holiday they had spent in the Virgin Lands, getting in the harvest. If I had to draw a conclusion from this conversation, and others I had with 'average men' in Moscow and Leningrad, it would be this: the Russians don't see Krushchev as an infallible God-figure, like Stalin, but they have faith in his ability to bring them a more prosperous and pleasant life. They no longer argue that their society is perfect (as in Stalin's day) but believe that the present system offers them good prospects for the future. This explains the absence of criticism and discontent about its present shortcomings. But a further consequence of this optimistic view of the future is an almost complete disinterest in politics. My four students were all members of the Komsomol, but, like the chief engineer of a large factory at Leningrad and the factory's Party Secretary, with both of whom I talked at length, they really did not care about politics. For us this seems paradoxical: Communism plus political apathy is a contradiction in terms. But in Russia it is a fact. So it is useless to ask the Russians if they believe that Eisenhower's grandchildren will live to see a Communist

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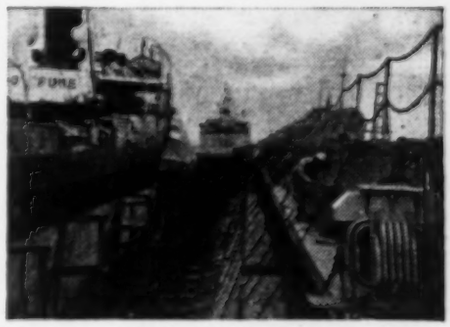

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regime in America. They do not care about long-term prospects – only about what happens to themselves, in the next few years – or months.

What does Krushchev think of all this? When he said to the Americans: 'Anything you've got we already have too – or will have shortly', he was quite sincere, though for the moment a great effort of imagination is required to see Russians enjoying American standards. But Krushchev knows that if he could switch the vast military or para-military sector of Soviet industry over to peaceful production, something like the requisite miracle could perhaps be achieved. But to make this diversion of effort possible, he needs peace with the West. Hence, in America, he was at pains to appear as reassuring as possible, and he dwelt more on the things Christianity and Marxism had in common than on class solidarity between Soviet and US workers. Hence also his appeal to the sporting instincts of Americans – the concept of the World Series between Capitalist and Communist systems. He knows perfectly well that his capitalist hosts will never be converted to Communism, but he clearly believes that, when Russia equals American *per capita* production, its appeal to the US workers will be irresistible. The Soviet challenge is plainly serious; nevertheless it has one major defect. The preoccupation of the American workers with material standards is a fact; but so also are their democratic traditions and habits. And I got the impression that this side of the problem simply didn't interest Krushchev, who believes too easily in the automatic consequences of economic change. This is why his equation may prove invalid for America or, for that matter, for Russia. For who can foresee what will be the internal structure of Soviet society in 1975, after the success of the two seven-year plans?

K. S. KAROL

Gang Into Club

THE publications of the US government printing office in Washington, when they deal with the social work going on in the 50 States, waste no words in praise. They are exhortations, exposures, rockets. A British reader has to remind himself that the federal government is criticising not itself but the state administrations for a laxity which it can roundly condemn without besmattering itself. When he turns to the publications on the same topics produced by the various states, counties and cities he must be ready to find that the federal indictment is glossily refuted almost line by line, and that, in particular, the local electors are demonstrably getting their money's worth in the war on crime.

The Children's Bureau of the US Department of Health, Education, and Welfare issues every so often a handbook giving *Some Facts About Juvenile Delinquency*. In the absolute sense, the figures have no more meaning in America than they have here – '500,000 boys and girls were brought to the attention of the juvenile courts . . . the boys outnumbered the girls five to one . . . more than 1.5 million were dealt with directly by the police . . .' – no meaning other than that they are all too big. But among the 'facts' it is to be learned that, in more than half the large towns in America, not even one policeman is assigned special responsibility for work with juveniles, while there is no educational requirement for appointment to the police service; that there are 3,000 juvenile courts which can remand their unfinished cases only to jails and police lockups; that more than half the counties never use probation; that only one out of ten probation officers is trained; and that crime costs America 20 billion dollars every year.

On the other hand the local literature, vastly more plentiful, being designed in part to show the electors that they have never had it so good, gives interesting accounts of the various methods – genuinely imaginative methods – being pursued by youth boards, police departments, and welfare authorities.

It doesn't take long to see that the facts, if ever they were to be found, would be somewhere about half-way between the federal indictment and the local manifesto. The documents that hover nearest to this area are the countless theses and dissertations written by objective social science students in confident pursuit of their doctorates. I was presented with so many of these on a recent short visit that I had to buy an extra suit-case, which they filled to bursting; but they provide the best pointers to the truth.

More than a third of them deal with the juvenile gang problem. These accept the premise that associations of this kind are essential to the adolescent's development, to the security which comes from acceptance by contemporaries, to a normal introduction to the opposite sex, to the development of group loyalty and the acceptance of leadership and responsibility. In a few cases, depressingly few, it was recognised that the supreme enemy to adolescent development in the modern world is straightforward, remediable ignorance. In relation to the street gangs, most of these disquisitions regard the conventional 'agencies' – boys' clubs, mixed clubs, settlement houses, community centres – as ineffectual. They unanimously praise the policy of the New York City Youth Board in assigning 'gang workers' (they are also known as 'detached workers' and 'street club workers') to its own community centres in neighbourhoods with serious gang problems. A few years ago the Youth Board tried attaching these workers to independent and privately-run agencies, but discovered that those agencies (who refute this when asked about it) afford access mainly to non-delinquent and harmless groups of youths and maidens. The Board has realised that the only method offering any hope of success is to seek out the tough spots and 'saturate' them, working simultaneously with all the gangs in contact in a given area.

In the spring of 1950 a sudden outburst of gang fighting in South Brooklyn and Bedford-Stuyvesant, more organised than the recent haphazard killings on 57th Street, resulted in five adolescent deaths and a number of serious injuries. It was this that brought all the groups of professional youth workers together in a plan to extend the City Youth Board's 'detached worker' policy; and under the name of the Council of Social and Athletic Clubs, with the approval of the State Youth Commission and with a preliminary City grant of 63,000 dollars (since doubled), they began the difficult job of infiltration among the gangs. I had a long talk with a man who had worked as an undergraduate student among what he called 'unaffiliated pre-delinquent groups' and had then gone on to become a street club worker in Brooklyn. (He was one of 11 selected from 500 applicants for the work.) I wanted to know how you *start* working with a street gang – the very first steps.

'You have to find out first where to go,' he said. 'You can get a lot from the boys' clubs and other community projects, and then you visit schools and playgrounds and social agencies, cinemas and theatres, and talk to drug-store and candy-store people. You copy down the names you see scribbled on billboards in the subways and in hallways and on tenement walls. You hang around watching groups of teenagers at street corners, coming home from school, going into candy stores and poolrooms, and all this. There's a lot of hanging around to do – it takes months.

'Then you get to know the man in the candy store or the poolroom, and he lets you hang around in his place as if you belonged. After a while you do belong. The kids get to know you as the friendly guy who's always sitting in the corner in the candy store. Then you very carefully strike up an acquaintance with one of the kids who seems to be some kind of a leader, or is looked up to by the others. Often he's just the boy who makes the wisecracks and looks around to see who's not laughing. You work up to this stage by listening with approval to their conversation, and you grin at the right moments. Sometimes you put nickels in the juke-box for them. When you finally get on talking terms it's always baseball, basketball, pop music, the latest dance step, all that; and if you're not familiar with that world you've got some homework to do before you start.

'Of course as you get to know them you find out which are the thieves, which ones go joy-riding in stolen cars, which of them wait around at night for drunks to rob. (You should never be drunk out of doors here.) Their lives are pretty aimless; most of them have finished school and have no job. They sleep late, meet on the corners, drift in and out of the poolrooms and the luncheonettes. They go home only to sleep, usually in the small hours. Their conversation is all banter and abuse and serio-comic insult – but they *belong* to the group and it's all they do belong to.'

I suggested that there must be some common denominator stronger than all this.

'Well, there is,' he said after a time. 'It's hate. Fear and hate. They hate all the hired men they think are against them: police, judges, probation officers, people like me. They've never been allowed to feel that they count for much, they've only been told about their failures and stupidity and dirt. They have no dignity or defences. They're not even physically well, most of them. Often they're ashamed of their families for reasons they can't help – dialect, colour, social customs, they're all a source of fear and hate. Joining a gang is a way of expressing hate and sheltering from the fear of growing up alone.

'We get to know them one at a time. Sometimes I find a boy a job and help him to hold it down. Sometimes I go to court with a boy who's got into trouble and do what I can to see him through. When I get sufficiently accepted by the club—'

'It has become a "club" by this time, then?'

'I'm beginning to think of it as a club, it's what I want to make it. Once I'm accepted, and it takes a year or two, I help to organise things – dances, for example. They like to arrange these hops, and when they do it themselves they usually make a mess of it; they crowd some small place to suffocation, drink too much, maul the girls, and finish with a gang fight. When they see what organisation can do, they widen their non-delinquent activities; they run themselves on democratic lines instead of deferring to one aggressive boss-type among them. In the end they get to the stage where, at the first hint of trouble, they call in the police'.

It all sounded Utopian enough, and yet convincing. 'It's a drop in the bucket,' he said repeatedly. 'I can never see that it makes much general impression.' Even a success with an individual might mean little more, he thought, than that the boy was ready to pass into adulthood and settle down anyway.

But the Juvenile Aid Bureau of the New York City police confirmed that the 'street-club workers' are doing all that this man had told me. One thing they naturally valued, and of which he had not told me, was that the street club worker will some-

Knight's move, or castle's?

Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

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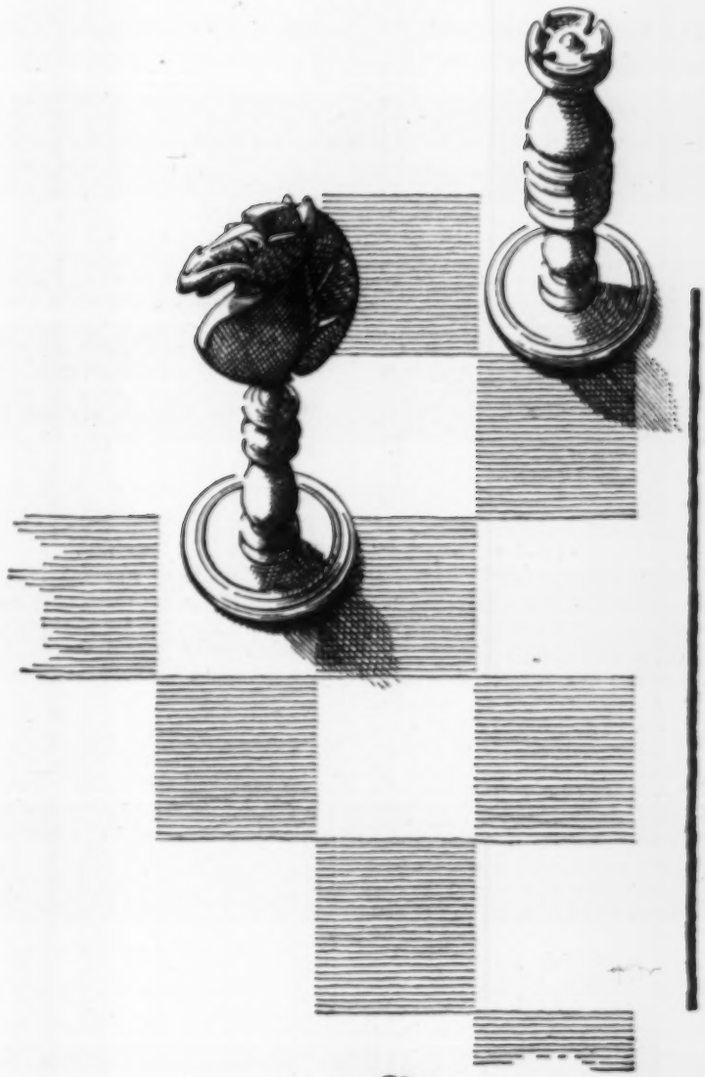

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times let the police know that a gang fight is being arranged. Then the preventive value of a few uniformed men at strategic corners on the appointed evening is seen at its most effective; and experience has shown that once a gang battle has been arranged and has failed to come off it is extremely difficult to arrange another for a long time.

At the police headquarters I saw the card-indexed records of about 40 gangs: the names of the gangs on red cards (Ambassadors, Dragons, Little Gents, Disciples, Viceroys, Chaplains, Bishops), and the names of the members on yellow ones. 'It's the yellow ones that interest us most,' said the sergeant in charge of the records. 'Most of these kids commit solitary crimes. I doubt that they'd do even that if they didn't belong to gangs, but there's not much "gang warfare" just now, and less still in the way of concerted crime.'

I wanted to know whether the police Juvenile Aid Bureau and the City Youth Board would disperse the gangs altogether if that were possible, and I tried not to load the question. They seemed to be in no doubt that it was better to tolerate the gangs, use them as a means of access to their constituent members, try to canalise their aggression, and whenever possible turn them into clubs. A long-term policy. I suppose that they will never really know whether they have 'succeeded'.

C. H. ROLPH

A Strong Conservative

I HAD come to the place because it is one of the two or three left in England where you can have three or four hundred yards of beach to yourself, and rockpools and a quarter of a square mile of sea which is fairly free from sewage. Because, say what you like, although it's right that everybody ought to be able to see the beauties and grandeurs of nature, the moment someone else sets foot on them they aren't beautiful or grand any longer but car-parks at Beachy Head and iced-lolly stands in the Cheddar Gorge. And I daresay it is wrong and undemocratic of me, but the spectacle of stout men and elderly women in bathing suits is a painful one. To come all that way to avoid the company of people and then go to the pub at night must seem an odd thing to do; but they had told me in the village that the man who knew all about growing nerines went there every evening regular. I wanted to talk to him.

Of course, I was interested in the election, in politics, too, up to a point. I know that although I can't tell the difference between Mr Gaitskell and Mr Macmillan with my eyes shut, I have only to open them to see that one has a moustache; I even know which one. I know what Socialism is, too, and that now, since it began promising not to raise income-tax, you have to call it radicalism, although I must say that being a radical makes me feel out of my skin and into that of a 19th-century cotton-spinning millionaire with a hatred of pheasant-preserving landowners and a habit of borrowing troops to put down strikes. Also, I know what private enterprise is: it's receiving 1½d. per lb. for top-grade apples, the ones you have to pay 1s. 2d. a lb. for in London. But the point is, whereas I knew who I would vote for, I did not know about growing nerines.

Even so I would not have gone to the pub if I had known what sort of pub it was: there are a lot of them now, annexes of the kind of public school incomparably described by Evelyn Waugh: *As a matter of fact I was at a place called –. You see, at the time, my father. . . .* The bar was cacophonous with up-classed standard English modified by slightly dated vogue-words. The first phrase I overheard as I went in was not some experienced observation about wind or tide or the ways of fish uttered in a broad local accent; it was, 'Of course, the old man's a perfect shower, but the lolly's all right'. Not that the local accent was missing; there were fishermen there too, and somewhere hovering like an angel over their heads, invisible but powerful, a BBC sound producer urging them to broaden those vowels or listeners wouldn't know it was Devonshire.

The nerine man was fine, though. That was a relief. I had been afraid that, as he was a retired civil servant, he might be smoking a pipe. Of course, in theory there is nothing against pipe-smoking but it does falsify the character. Men tend to turn from pipe smokers into Pipe Smokers, building a special face invented by an advertising agent round that mock-amber stem, getting a special, terribly charming crinkle of the eyes behind the smoke, developing a certain staginess of gesture because a hand with a pipe in it is so obviously the hand of a sensible, even a wise, man who does so know what he is talking about. But the nerine man was all right, rather dirty and smoking the cheapest kind of small cigarettes and drinking not bitter in a pot but a very weak whisky and soda in a tumbler.

We sat in a corner while I extracted information about nerines. The life and soul of the party was a woman of seventy pretending to be fifty by having silver-blue hair and heavy eye-makeup. She wore jeans, too, so perhaps she was pretending to be fifteen, though in that case there wasn't enough stuffing in her high-necked woollen sweater. And she had the kind of voice you can hear ring out above the chatter of the native dialects at any European airport. All the same, it was not quite perfect: I was distracted from the nerine man's excellent talk of care in watering during the winter, by tiny faults of tone which came out as the gins-and-bitter-lemon went in. Every now and then her vowels stretched as thin as my own; and once there was the shadow of *k* where a *g* should have been at the end of an *ing* word.

We, the nerine man and I, were only spectators though, until she saw him. When she did so she half tumbled off her bar-stool and came over to our table, drink in hand, my dear madly young for her age and so amusing. She said to the nerine man, 'Goodness you must excuse me speaking to you like this but you're incredibly like Joe, I suppose you aren't Joe by any chance?' He said that he was not Joe, and she, 'Well, you're his double I do assure you, it's incredible, a very old friend of mine, a delicious person so you won't be offended?' By this time the whole assembly, lolly boys and girls and the fishermen parasitic on them, was watching her, us. The nerine man was a bad 'feed' though. He just sat there and looked at her with a small frown on his face as if she were a pest mysteriously strayed on to his nerines from some less distinguished plant.

She put one lean old buttock on the edge of the table and said, 'And what about next week, Joe, you don't mind if I call you Joe, you're so like him and he's a sweet person, what about next week?' I, embarrassed by the nerine man's now sullen silence, said, 'Next week?' 'The election,' she said, 'well I'll tell you, for three weeks now I've been taking not one daily paper but four, yes four, and reading all of them because I want to see what everybody has to say, I think it's very important to do that. You see, I'm a very strong Conservative.' 'But you like,' I said, 'to look at all sides.' She said that that was just it, that I wasn't like Joe or anyone else she knew but understood her, and that the four papers were *The Times*, of course, and the *Telegraph* and the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail*. 'So what about it, Joe?' she said, turning back to the nerine man, who spoke at last, blowing smoke through both nostrils which were curly so that he looked like a war-horse in a picture book, and saying that he had not realised there was to be an election although he had seen a certain amount of litter about, stuck up in the windows of houses instead of blowing all over the beaches; also, that he read only one paper, the *Gardeners' Chronicle*; finally, that he had no intention of voting for anybody – 'Out of the question, I'm afraid. There are, no doubt, two candidates, but I have never met either of those gentlemen, so how could I vote for one of them?'

The woman eased her other buttock on to the table and youthfully swung her legs; not a creak from her poor old knees, either. A fair-haired young man with one of those moustaches which are only on the very edge of the lip, had been buying a round. He brought her her gin and bitter lemon on a tray and to the nerine man said, 'How about you, sir?' with the bones of a Glasgow accent showing under the skin of his saloon-bar speech. The nerine man said no thank you and the woman on the table stopped swinging her legs and said, 'If you mean it, about not voting, I shan't think you're like Joe at all, you're the sort that risks letting them in with their disgusting bribes, ten bob on this and five bob off that. And if you don't want a drink then of course you don't want a drink, but Joe would never refuse to join in if only because people might think he didn't want to pay for a round when his turn came.' The young man with a very narrow moustache said, 'That's right, Dolly', and put one finger to the bridge of his nose and drew a hook downwards in the air and said, 'They aren't all in Israel, eh?' It did not go down well; he had a lot to learn and none of it more difficult than the exact shade of anti-semitism to suit his company. A joke about Mr Mikardo's name would have been all right, but not that gesture and those words, that was lower-deck stuff.

Even Dolly did not like it much, or perhaps did not understand it, grasping only that someone was being nasty to Joe's double. She said, 'Don't you have a drink if you don't want to, Joe, even if you aren't going to vote. Did I tell you I was a very strong Conservative?' She swallowed her gin and held out her glass and when the young man with the moustache came back at her call, gave him a five pound note and said, 'Buy a round for me, there's a lamb'. Presently he came back with the tray again, including whisky for me and the nerine man; after that it was my turn, both to buy drinks and to be Dolly's feed. She asked me which side would win and I said the government and she asked me which side I would vote for and I, no Daniel with confidence in lion-taming, said neither and that what we wanted was a new party with a real feeling for the times. 'The trouble with you Conservatives,' I said, 'even strong ones, is that you're not tough enough.' She looked from me to the nerine man, first swallowing the gin she had bought and then the one I had bought, and saying, 'Your round, Joe' and summoning the moustachioed aspirant to her side with a snap of her fingers. He, willing to tolerate this insolence, took the nerine man's money. She said, referring to my stricture on her party, 'Now what does he mean by that, Joe?' 'You could begin,' I said, 'by abolishing public education, couldn't you? After all, they don't need it now, not with TV

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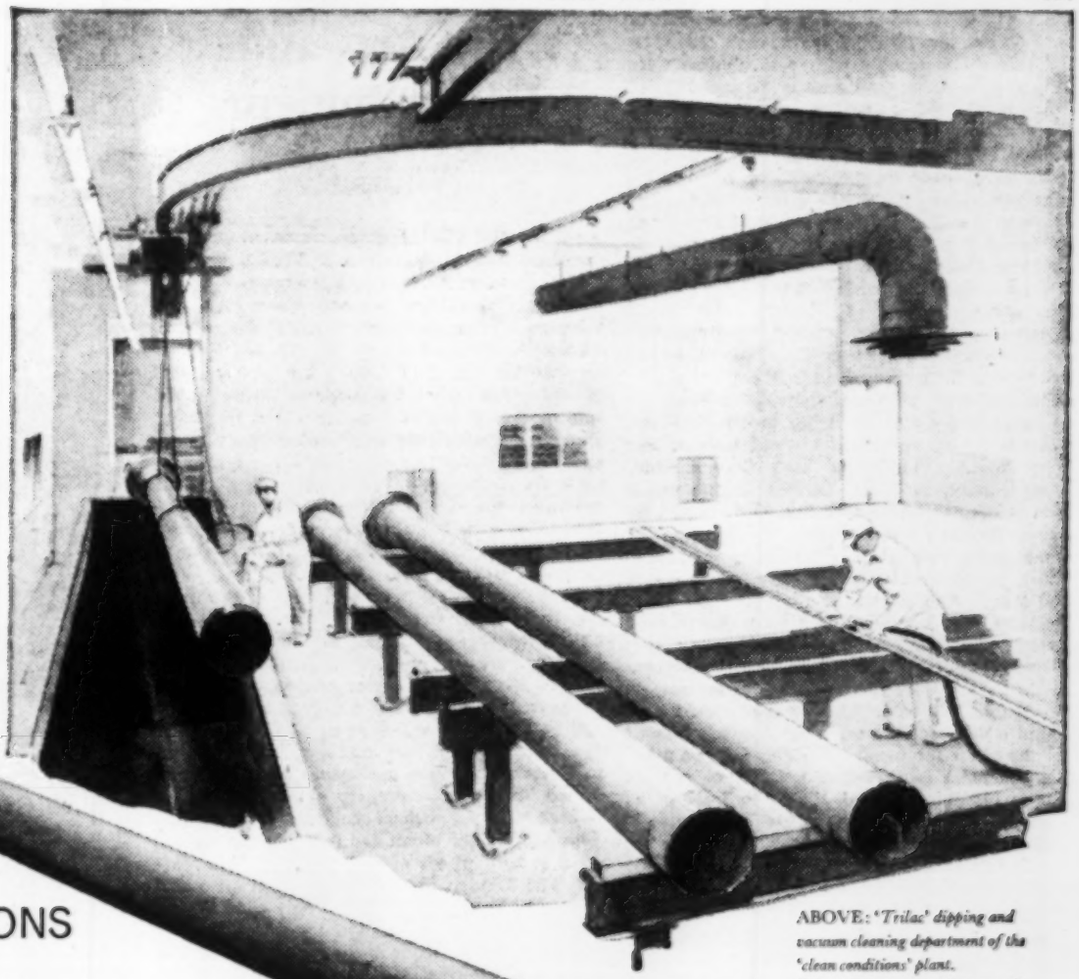

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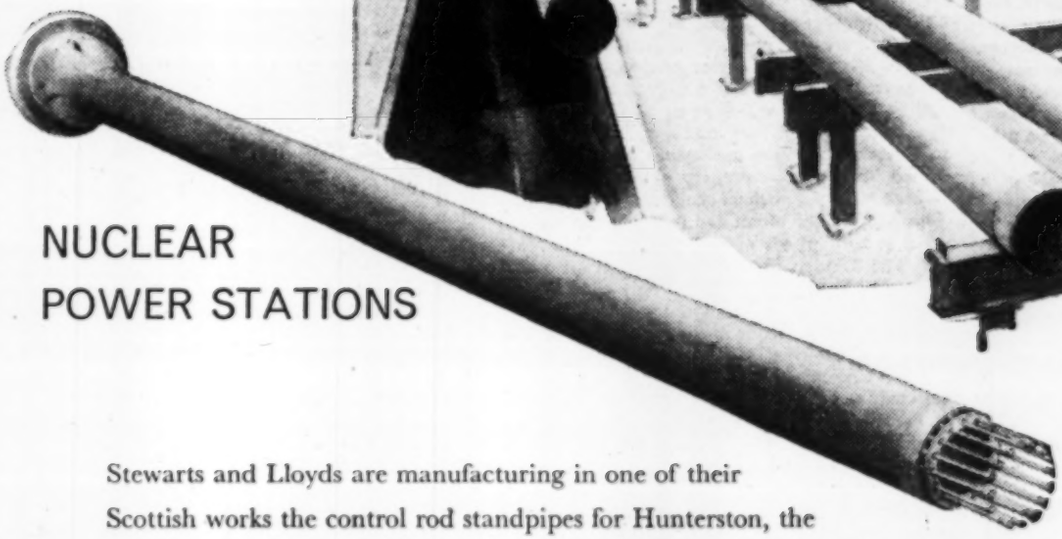

ABOVE: *'Trilac' dipping and vacuum cleaning department of the 'clean conditions' plant.*
BELOW: *An assembled control rod standpipe.*

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and automation. Reading only unsettles them.' I went on like that until the nerine man caught on and said, 'The trouble with you Conservatives is, you're no better than a lot of Socialists'.

It was no good, it made no impression on her, she wouldn't go away but sat on, cocking her painted old head to one side like a damned robin on a spade handle, swinging her broomstick legs, calling the nerine man Joe and saying she was a strong Conservative until I went to the bar and in a rage bought three gins and one vodka and mixed them in a tumbler and put in a bitter lemon and fed her that. Three minutes later she put a hand on each knee and leaned forward and said 'O, Christ', and vomited copiously between her legs. When she raised her head it was livid, very old indeed, perhaps almost dead, and with the paint showing its thickness in scales and flakes, as if her face had shrunk away under it. She stood up and tottered and held onto the table and said, 'Never mind, Dolly's game, isn't she, Dickie?' Dickie was a man at the bar with a face like an owl and hair like a convict's and he said, 'Yes, dearie, but what about bedibyes?' The nerine man said, 'Walk me back to my place. Give you a strong cup of tea'. And outside, in the mild night which smelt of seaweed and fish, I said, 'So that's a strong Conservative'. 'You know better than that,' he said, for a moment almost a pipe-smoker rather than a Woodbine man, and, 'It depends on which pub you go to. Up the street you'd have found a male sot the same age banging himself on the chest for being a lifelong Labour man'. 'Of course,' I said. A little later, as he put the key in his door, he said, 'The way I see it, all your lot are offering is the chance for all the old folks to be sick on pub floors. No privileges for the Dollies of this world'.

EDWARD HYAMS

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HEINEMANN

The Arts and Entertainment

Winners

THE London Film Festival, coming round for the third time, brings with it Venice, Cannes, Berlin, Moscow, Edinburgh, San Francisco, to say nothing of Cork and Karlovy Vary, Pula and Harrogate. True, attendance at the National Film Theatre may not quite amount to the sum of these sprees. Our own Lido, a bit far off, is out of season; we lack the corner cafés where more and more can crowd round a table, disputing Donskoi or Bunuel; the 'local' isn't quite the same, and shuts prompt at – is it 10.30? As festival, then, the South Bank affair is less expansive than intensive; the old site itself being now half-obliterated with Big Business going up, and the river-front having long ago lost its best intentions. But after all, films are the thing.

So we get the prize-winners from everywhere; and these range from *Orfeu Negro*, the Albert Camus winner at Cannes, to Kurosawa's *The Hidden Fortress*, at Berlin. A good deal of manoeuvring for place goes on with the entries to these festivals, so that a Japanese entry here will be opportune and there detestable, and then again the Russians may find political objections to a rival. And once the entries have been admitted, there's the chicanery of juries, straining to keep away the obvious challenger from outside. This happens too often; and regular festival-goers learn to keep an eye open for the film *hors festival*. The London Festival differs from all others in being a summing-up: it not only picks among the 'best', but takes into account what has been excluded. Various items in the fortnight of feature films now launched are labelled 'London Film Festival Choice' – that is, now picked but hitherto rejected; and the very first to be so distinguished is Satyajit Ray's *The World of Apu* which, excluded from Venice, enjoys here its grand premiere. This recognition in itself – the reversal of a grave injustice – would justify the flags and the lights at South Bank. The first two public performances will be given this Saturday.

Did anyone have doubts whether Ray would achieve his masterpiece? Not seriously, I think; but trilogies, even the best, court the risk of running from hot to lukewarm, and in this particular case childhood enchantments were hard to match in after-life. Nevertheless, it has been brought off. I don't say that *The World of Apu* is my favourite of the three; but then, I must start re-thinking of the three as a whole, and that means I must take the first possible opportunity of seeing them close together. Certainly, this concluding part both sustains its predecessors and ends nobly. Apu is now in Calcutta, with a novel half-written and too good an education for the jobs open to him, living in a wretched room near the railway, having to pawn books to pay the rent. He flits off with a friend to a country wedding; the bridegroom goes off his head, and to save the girl from being 'cursed', Apu marries her. They talk for the first time across the bed decorated with flowers and tinsel: a beautifully judged scene. Back to poverty in Calcutta, the rain pouring down, pigs wandering over the lines. That railway, never far away with its shrieks and grey perspective! – and one recalls the enormous moment in Apu's childhood when he ran through tall fields to see his first train bluster by. The bride goes to stay with her mother, has a child prematurely, and dies. Apu is heartbroken. (The close-up of her face, as the train drew out of the station, lingers with us.) Father, mother, sister, and now girl-wife are lost. It is almost too much for him – and for a moment, one may think, for this loving saga so amenable to woes. But Apu, bearded, scattering the sheets of his novel, working in mines, cannot quite cut himself off; the story achieves a balance. After long neglect he comes back to his son, who flings a stone at him, and the shy, angry, triumphant end when they go off together is quite unsentimental. Here as before, humanity, gentleness, cruel fate, and the enveloping or desolate landscape achieve a unison rare in cinema.

The other salvaged films in this season are Donskoi's *At a High Price* and Tenghiz Abouladze's *Somebody Else's Children* – both extracted from a strangely reluctant Russia – and the Americanised *Crime and Punishment* made by the creators of *Time Out of War*. The last has yet to be shown in England; rescue can apply as well to the future as to the past. Of these I have seen so far only the Donskoi film, not his latest, but a vigorous, comely folk-tale.

Kurosawa's *The Hidden Fortress* is again under the shadow of the Robber Barons. A fallen house, gold bars smuggled out in a wood-cart, a wandering princess, a mighty defender, chase through the forest, peasant clowns, fire-festival, capture, and thrilling escape: all the eye-catching ingredients of an 'Eastern' in the sense used of Westerns. It's not very much more, this time, than the sweep of action, with a wide screen excitingly filled, and with a precision and ritual about the lance duels and the perilous survival of the *samurai*. Toshiro Mifune makes a fine barking champion, and Misa Uehara strikes a new note as the princess undisguised by short pants.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Traditional

THE link between folk-music and the extreme left has by now become proverbial. Nobody in Britain has yet made a joke like Mort Sahl, who tells of the scepticism of Washington when informed of the capture of a Soviet spy in Greenwich Village ('Are you sure he is a spy and not just a folksinger?'), but that is only because we had no McCarthy. Clearly folk-music has come a long way from the days which the layman associates with vicars organising Morris dancing and Joyce Grenfell-type ladies offering 'Greensleeves'. (No doubt wrongly. Cecil Sharp was a card-carrying Fabian in a period when this implied more heterodoxy than it does today.) And yet, the *Third English Folk Music Festival* at Cecil Sharp House was not an occasion of visible revolutionism, except in the scarlet of the London Youth Choir's dresses and an occasional anti-H-Bomb badge. It was not even an occasion which allowed the observer to distinguish clearly between the old-style and the new-style folk-enthusiasts. There was the expected row of tiny children with pigtails, the bevy of performers dressed in the sort of costume which nobody in Wisbech has been wearing since the last rising of the fenmen, and the sprinkling of weather-beaten farm-labourers who do not show their great age, and accept the veneration of the fans with as much aplomb as do the very similar ancients from New Orleans. There were the young men with guitars, the middle-aged experts with the indefinable look of people who take an part in voluntary organisations. In brief,

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the scene was strikingly British. Also, it produced a great many exceedingly moderate performances.

For the folksong movement, like the traditional jazz movement, is a salutary but almost impossible subject for the critic who is not also a sociologist. (The two are closely connected, for the younger folksong fans are largely drawn from among blues- and jazz-lovers, and the jazz press gives the folk-boys a benevolently helping hand.) Like the 'trad' purists, the folk-lovers are interested in history, in collecting, in an ideal of music as a social activity, in 'the people' and in the fight against the corruption of culture by commercialism, but not primarily in aesthetic judgment. For them the key word of the critical vocabulary is 'authentic' and not 'good'. To point out that, admirable as it is in other ways, the music of Mr George Lewis is not well played, is to invite dismissal: 'Not even Francis Newton, a Socialist writer, can bring himself to side with the people . . . who have chosen traditional jazz in spite of the business set-up' (*Jazz Journal*). To point out that one young lady, unmentioned by the adjudicator, produced a notably more attractive performance at the Festival than anyone else in her session, is to invite the comment: 'Ah, but she wasn't so authentic'.

The critic who approaches a folksong festival as though it were a lieder recital, or Kid Ory's jazz concert at the Gaumont State (17 Oct.) as though it were Ellington's, is therefore missing the point; as is the student who observes that the New Orleans version of jazz history is a myth, and the folk-enthusiast's claim that industrial folksong flourishes in Britain, a piece of auto-suggestion. 'Folk' and 'trad' are crusades, which must be judged by their aims, which are to preserve and revive, and their results, which are stupendous. The American folksong and jazz 'revival' movement has not only discovered, recorded and investigated an entire and previously unknown subcontinent of American music and poetry (including, in the blues, the finest folk-poetry produced in our language since the Scots ballads), but has also transformed the music of adolescents in large areas of Europe.

The British folksong movement has since the war opened up the entirely new collector's territory of industrial and modern folksong, gathered a large additional harvest from fields which the pre-1914 generation believed they had picked bare and (with the assistance of the American movement, broadcasting and the despised commercialism) has actually brought a good deal of folksong back into the stock of ordinary popular entertainment, and above all self-entertainment.

These are results which only single-minded purists achieve, especially when inspired by a political ideal of a 'people's culture'. Moreover, they are quite out of proportion to the number of singing and collecting young white-collar workers and students who form the body of crusaders, and indeed to the audience for 'pure' folksong which, outside London and perhaps Glasgow, is smaller than the 700 to 1,000 which would justify ambitious commercial recitals. (It is doubtful anyway whether the British movement has produced more than a few artists of the calibre of Ewan McColl, let alone the much more professional Americans; *i.e.*, artists fit to sing at concerts and not merely at parties. The influence of the movement is not measured by its recitals in pubs, or even by the sales of the excellent records of *Topic* (17 Bishop's Bridge Road, W.2) or *Collector* (100 Charing Cross Road). It is to be measured by the success of Mr Lonnie Donegan, who has hardly ever failed to reach the 'Top Ten' with his songs for the past three years.

For the mass public for folk-music is still – and will perhaps remain – dependent on its more dynamic American version. As Cecil Sharp turned to the Appalachians, so young Englishmen turn to Terry and McGhee and now to Kid Ory's Creole Jazz band, which disappoints neither them nor the critics. Kid Ory, an elegant Creole of 72, makes his trombone roar like a very experienced and economical lion, and Henry Allen's trumpet will make the juniors understand why their seniors once placed him second only to Armstrong. The Somersetshire shepherds will have their work cut out to compete with this.

FRANCIS NEWTON

The Sweet Smell of Prestige

AMONG the more engaging pomposities of commercial life is the brand of public relations known as 'prestige' – the support given to an experimental theatre by a beef-cube manufacturer, say, or the proclamation, across a full page of *The Times*, that British sheet metal is following a tradition started by Homer. In the world of television 'prestige' takes the form of articles by bishops in the *TV Times*, hand-outs for the arts (or 'minority entertainment', in Mr J. Spencer Wills's phrase) by Associated-Rediffusion, and surprise announcements, by programme companies hitherto associated only with Westerns, that they will be running, around midnight, a series of talks on Zen Buddhism. Prestige in television serves several purposes. It looks good in the annual report, it is one in the eye for the critics, it makes a useful statistic for those breakdowns of serious programmes that the ITA is forever putting out, and, in theory at least, it gives to the programmes the balance demanded by the Television Act.

The very existence of prestige programmes shows that something is radically wrong with television. ATV gulps down Sir Kenneth Clark's lectures with the zeal of a diabetic wolfing lump sugar; it realises that there are serious deficiencies in its diet, and it steps up the intake in the most dramatic way possible. Granada is less in need of such a drastic adjustment, but there is the same shock treatment motif in the ballyhoo surrounding Mr Bernstein's answer to the Reith lectures. The prestige programmes offer not so much balance as ballast; there seems to be a theory around that a half-hour on Goya is equivalent in weight to about ten hours of *OSS, M. Squad* and other alphabetical junkets.

And how prestige-worthy are these programmes? After watching the first Granada lecture – Sir Edward Appleton on 'Science and Communication' – I was prepared to write that I would trade the Granada lectures for the next five years for a real prestige programme such as an ITV equivalent of *Monitor* at peak hours. If Associated-Rediffusion, for example, which took the programme on the network (ATV in the Midlands didn't) was seriously interested in informing its viewers on the story of communications, it could have put out a documentary putting the thing in a far more dramatic and televisual form. Sir Edward Appleton was simply not good television. On Monday, however, I went to Guildhall and saw Ed Murrow, heavily disguised as Dr Edward R. Murrow, giving the second lecture, 'Television and Politics' (which was broadcast on Thursday) and this changed my view. As Mr or Dr Murrow himself said, there is no substitute for people on television – provided that the people are, like Murrow, powerful television personalities. His lecture was full of good stuff. His point that we are too inclined to make political television a competition between film cutters and producers rather than a competition of ideas and convictions is something worth thinking about.

I was also prepared to write that if ATV would take off that interminable *Sunday Night at the Palladium* and buy up a Willis Hall trilogy, I would even do without Sir Kenneth Clark. But again, after watching the first of *Five Revolutionary Painters*, I withdraw the offer. This was a splendid production – just a man showing pictures to those who were interested enough to watch. What a change Sir Kenneth Clark is from those Instant Culture programmes we used to get in the early days of post-war television, when no

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'expert' could get on the air unless there was a chance that he was going to say 'bloody'.

But my original criticism of prestige programmes still stands. They placate those critics who ask only that TV should cater for minorities. The commercial companies are only too happy to cater for minorities – provided that the Quizmass doesn't lose its *Dotto*. I would like to see prestige programmes aimed at the intelligent majority. TV, after all, is a mass medium, far more than sound radio, and nearly all its notable successes have been in the majority field. A Colin Morris documentary can be understood by anyone who can follow the rules of *Concentration*. Murrow said he wanted to contend 'only that the development of television is potentially more important than the development of the zipper'. The zipper industry can get prestige out of an announcement that zippers are part of the British heritage; but from television we want that little more.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

(Tom Driberg returns next week.)

Revived and Alive

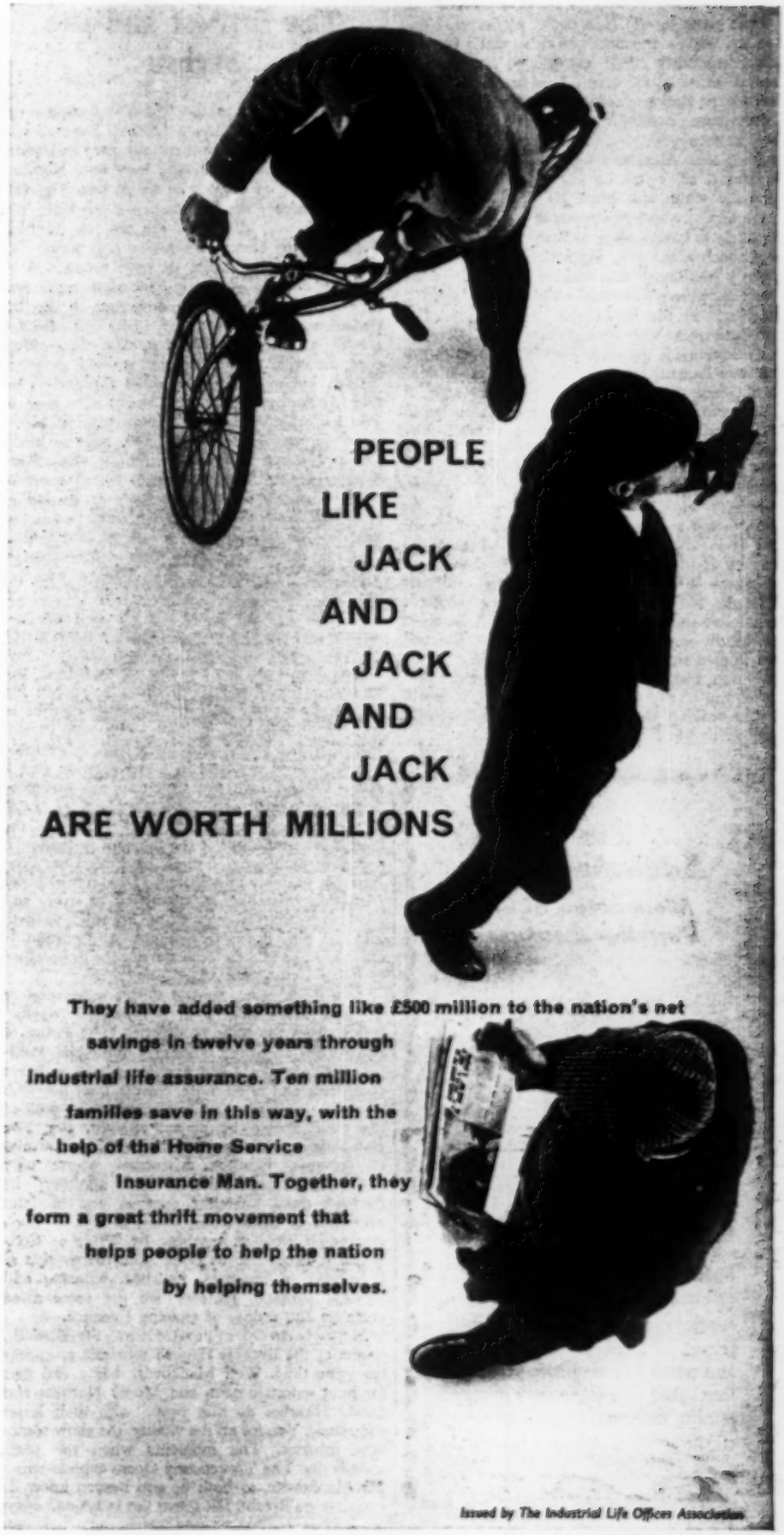
THE stage-worthy opera, like the sea-worthy ship, carries a guarantee of minimum effectiveness which is not to be despised. The very fact that it has travelled safely through the repertoire is an indication that the composer knew what he was doing. Yet some operas survive only because their holds are empty. Such a one is Giordano's *Andrea Chenier*, presented in London last week by the Sadler's Wells Opera.

Bad art helps to define the good, but that is as far as its usefulness goes. We need not concern ourselves overmuch with deciding what Giordano learnt from Puccini and what he taught him. The fact is that *Andrea Chenier* does not contain a single idea that bears comparison with Puccini. The few passages on which the opera's reputation rests – especially with those who have never seen the whole work – are successful only in their grasp of mannerism. A thorough-going professional of the opera-house, Giordano knew very well what the gallery wants from a work in the *verismo* tradition. But knowledge is not enough. The chief trouble is that Giordano is such a poor, even amateurish, harmonist. The melodic invention, which, after all, comes most easily to every Italian, is continually being held back by the square and banal harmonic structure. When the composer attempts a Verdian harmonic stroke the result is successful only in so far as it is derivative.

In view of this lack of harmonic vitality, it is hardly surprising that a musical structure is seldom consistent within itself: this is true even of the final duet. The listener has to be prepared for such things as a sudden switch from the simplest Italianate *arioso* to a dribble of Wagnerian chromaticism that reduces the dignity of that style to the *Kitsch* formulae (scoring included) which in our own day are so dear to Hollywood. If a favourable comparison must be found, then we will have to console ourselves with the thought that this music is not as cold-bloodedly calculated and not as unprincipled as certain examples of contemporary Italo-American opera. There is some frankly expressed feeling in *Andrea Chenier*, and that may win the work some new admirers.

Sadler's Wells does its best by the work, and the production is notable for the singing of Peter Glossop and Charles Craig. Vilem Tausky conducts bravely in the face of some hideous orchestration, and the production is by Anthony Besch.

Having just arrived back from the Berlin Festival, where a concert of music by Stockhausen was one of those imposing tombstones to idealism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which line one's musical experience, I found the concert given by the ICA music section in London last week a welcome reminder that a concert of contemporary music can still be a concert in the full sense of the word. It is worth recording that a large audience responded enthusiastically to a programme consisting of Boulez's Flute Sonatine, Schoenberg's op. 48 songs, Webern's op. 7 violin pieces, Alexander Goehr's Flute and Piano variations, six songs by Eisler, and the second suite for violin and piano by Skalkottas. In an environment where reminders of the musical past are likely to have a more intense and a more valuable shock-effect than intimations of the future, Eisler's traditional Romanticism made its point. And Schoenberg's inspired songs showed where it belonged – in the honourable second rank. The two flute works were strongly contrasted. Boulez's early Sonatine is the kind of brilliant student work that one had missed from the Stockhausen concert, where the earliest piece, the *Kreuzspiel* of 1950, gave no indication that Stockhausen began his career on any kind of traditional basis. The *Kreuzspiel* is a dull and primitive piece, but the later Stockhausen works gave varying evidence of achieved mastery. The variability of quality, especially in the piano pieces, could be an encouraging sign of the normal creative hazards. But it is still hard to determine whether the mastery is that of a musician rather than of an inventor. With Boulez the situation is very different. He has never revealed Stockhausen's impressive single-mindedness, and the Sonatine is manifestly confused in its formal aims. But one can immediately sense a musical vitality in the invention, and if the Sonatine lacks the honest precision and clarity of Goehr's variations, it is still a very striking work for a French composer to have written in 1946 at the age of 21.

DAVID DREW

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The Earnest and the Stylish

EVERY time I go to the Old Vic I expect the miracle to have happened: Michael Benthall will have waved his wand over the old place and transformed it, actors and all, into our National Theatre. But, of course, he never has. The Old Vic has neither the building, nor the cash, nor the talent, nor, above all, the stylistic tradition to become the *Comédie anglaise*. It is simply the Metropolitan Rep. Alas, its new production of *The Importance of Being Earnest* is more rep. than metropolitan. It is competent, it has its undoubted moments, but, like *The Double Dealer*, it lacks style. There is, after all, a difference between the elaborately stylised game of Wilde's epigrams and the mere fun-and-games that Mr Benthall offers. One would have thought *The Importance* amusing enough without horseplay; yet, sure enough, the actors have to bump into each other, leap about, grimace, wink. Even the impeccable Barbara Jefford, whose sense of style is usually unshakable, flounces around as a kind of parody Gwendolen, who may be heartier than life but is also about a quarter as dignified. Still, that makes her a good mate to John Justin's Worthing, who trots out the epigrams with ingenuous public school charm but no edge at all. Even Alec McCowen has lost his sharpness and merely twitters as Algie, with not a trace of the necessary cool insolence. As for Cecily: Judi Dench is an excessively pretty young actress, but no one is pretty enough to throw away half her lines and get away with it. The whole quartet, in fact, seem less like Wilde's super-sophisticates than four nice young things who have unwittingly got themselves involved in a conversation that is rather beyond them. Fay Compton, too, was more vague and charming than awesome as Lady Bracknell. Perhaps her hesitancy will go as the season continues, but at the moment it makes for a curious monotony of pitch, as though her lines were not properly punctuated. It was left to Miles Malleson, bumbling as effectively as ever, and Norman Scace, that stalwart of tiny roles, to instil into the play a seemly amount of decorum. If only they had told the others about the importance of being stylish.

At a lower level, Ronald Gow's adaptation of V. Sackville-West's *The Edwardians* (Saville) suffers from the same mediocrity. The acting of Athene Seyler, Ernest Thesiger, Ambrosine Phillpotts, Helen Cherry and Anthony Sharp is always competent and often more. So the fault lies with whoever – adaptor, director, or both? – decided the thing should be played straight. For *The Edwardians*, with its great Stately Home, armies of servants, indolent aristocrats whose only amusements are animals and adultery, its Socialist duke, anarchist explorer and its faint overtones of Spenglerian doom is just as much a museum piece as anything by Wilde or Congreve. It needed to be done from the outside as a comedy of manners, polished, amusing and perhaps pathetic. Instead, we got some awed nostalgia and a dose of gushing romance.

Make Me An Offer (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.) is one of the liveliest English musicals to appear for some time. Wolf Mankowitz has a real flair for light entertainment, and Monty Norman and David Heneker do him proud with their lyrics and music. Yet, for all the vitality, the show somehow misfires. The moments when the score sounds like *The Threepenny Opera* explain why: Mr Mankowitz, as both he and heaven know, is certainly no Brecht. His talent lies in his odd combination of amiable sentimentality and tough business jokes. But at heart he is sentimental *about* tough business. So he can never quite get round to satirising it. That is why *Make Me An Offer* remains a pleasantly romantic success story when it might have been a witty social satire. Even so, Meier Tzelniker and Bernard Goldman do wonderful things with the Jewish humour. The honours, however, go to Joan Littlewood's production. Her timing and eye for detail have rarely been more vigorous.

A. ALVAREZ

Cranko's Antigone

Antigone, which opened on the first night of the Royal Ballet's winter season at Covent Garden, is a new ballet by John Cranko in his very very serious mood. He has taken the Greek legend and crammed incident after incident into one act, with the result that too many plots are sketched and resolved merely by a sword thrust through the guts, and not by the catharsis which we have a right to expect. The stage is cluttered up with main characters, so that poor Antigone, instead of being the central figure, hangs like a struggling fly on the outskirts of the web.

This ballet was clearly created with the idea of Svetlana Beriosova in a big tragedy role. She is a ballerina with a natural sense of affliction and pity; but it seems that here the more violent and crushing emotions are out of her range. She is I think too accustomed to expressing a romantic or fairy-tale kind of unhappiness. But Antigone's love for Oedipus, Haemon and Polynices is not a bitter-sweet, wish-fulfilling dream: it is an enduring human agony. Miss Beriosova appeared to lack the spiritual stamina and also the simplicity of a Greek heroine. Yet while her gestures are steady and beautiful, she registers so little feeling that it is as though a kind of distaste has frozen her up. There are, of course, certain practical handicaps. It must be hard to feel really gloomy in a sexy, red-pleated, little tunic; also there is no solid solo in which to set the mood of suffering. Julia Farron as Jocasta is given this chance, and she certainly looks a withered, tortured old female, who is genuinely upset by her family's ill behaviour. But her acting leaps to extremes and, at the moment we should be pitying her most strongly, she becomes a gushing source of embarrassment.

Mr Cranko is not of those naturally musical choreographers who phrase their movement to the sound with instinctive grace. It is better therefore when he chooses a score with more easily accessible rhythms than those of Mikis Theodorakis, whose music thumps and crashes along in a handsome roar, or pipes in eerie, unoiled squeaks. Some of this music has a fine atmospheric sense, as does the grandiose, subtle-toned set by Ruffino Tamayo. Large cones of dim light hang over the back of the stage, while great walls flank the action. It was these great shapes, matched by the impressive grouping, that gave me the greatest pleasure. The meaning of the action was embodied in these masses of dancers, whose arrangement was both original and forceful. This meaning was never transmitted by soloists, though a most delightful *pas de deux* between Antigone and her lover gave an excellent study in flying effects. The formalised parts of this ballet are, in fact, most effectively controlled; it is when the great legendary figures start caressing each other like lovers in the park that the pattern is discomposed and all the brave fervour turns into a flaccid emotional tickle.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Correspondence

CHRISTIANS AND THE ELECTION

SIR,—It is extremely hard to know how the Christian voice can be most effectively used when the country is on its way to the polls. There are many who would claim that it should not be used at all—for this would be an 'interference' in politics. There are more, I fancy, who would claim that the Church's function is to assert principles and leave it to the individual to apply them in a party-political sense. And most would assume that it is wrong, in any circumstances, for those in authority in the Church to give any clear directives to the flock as to the way they should vote. With this I wholly agree. But what worries me is the constant feeling in my heart that the vast majority of Christians in England do not believe that their faith is relevant to political issues at all.

Apart from a few letters to *The Times* deploring the way in which the two major parties made their appeal, there has been singularly little Christian comment on the results of this election or their likely consequence. But there has been more comment after the event than there was guidance before it. And this is a serious matter.

It seems fairly widely agreed that the election was won on a 'security' mandate. 'We've never had it so good . . . Life's better . . . Don't let Labour ruin it . . .' This appeal to material prosperity as the touchstone of successful government is a singularly powerful appeal. It comes with even greater force when it is bathed in the after-glow of an unending, golden summer. And it is enough—quite enough, it seems—to make most people forget the transitoriness of such a state and the dangers of resting comfortably in it. This makes it deadly. Surely, then, it should be the function of the Christian conscience to be awake; of the Christian community to find a voice; and of the Christian voice to shout until it is heard?

And, in doing this, there must be within the Christian community a real understanding of what the true issues are confronting the nation. Apart from the overriding one of world peace (the complexities of moral choice enough to bewilder anyone) the only issue which really mattered at all at this election was *Africa*. I am bound to say that, having spent the past three years witnessing a vast awakening of interest in Africa in this country, I found it a fearful disappointment that—in the moment of decision—it counted for so little.

It was my personal opinion (and I said so for fifteen seconds on TV) that a change of government would be an effective way of showing Africa how much we cared. But this was only a personal opinion, and in the event it might well have proved a mistaken one. It may be argued that it is unfair to prejudge the issue now, and that the Tories will in fact achieve more than the Socialists could have done. This is not the point! The point is that, whilst we have never had it so good, thousands of Africans have never had it so bad; and that, in emphasising our desire to have it even better, we let Africa drop out of the picture almost entirely.

What worries me, as a Christian, about the 'swing to the right', is *not* the fact that it means a Tory administration for the next five years. It is that it means a complacent, dreary acceptance of the idea that our own comfort, our own cosy, cushioned security must take precedence over everything else. Or it may mean this. It simply will not do to talk or think in terms of 'one nation', if that nation is not prepared to take any risks with its own privileged position for the sake of the underprivileged peoples of the world. And it is precisely this attitude which has characterised our government during the past five years—or so I am prepared to affirm. Nor do I think it is likely to change now. As a Christian I do not believe that any political party as such has the answer to ultimate issues of social responsibility; nor do I think that the great Christian Socialist tradition today has much life or vigour about it.

But I do believe that it is less important to lose an election than to lose one's soul. And it is possible that this country will be well on the way to such loss unless Christians are prepared to examine political issues in the light of a faith grounded in sacrifice and sustained by courage. It is Africa which will prove to be the touchstone of such a faith as this. And it may be that the next five years will show whether we can still rise to the challenge. This was in truth the issue at stake in the election. Was the Christian conscience in this country aware of it? I wonder!

TREVOR HUDDLESTON

ELECTION INQUEST

SIR,—I consider Mr R. H. S. Crossman's article in your current issue to be the first contribution towards the defeat of the Labour Party at the General Election 1964. His main contention appears to be that the Labour Party's present policy is, by and large, correct and should remain unchanged. He writes: 'quite a number of candidates and party workers with whom I talked were delighted to find what a sensible policy we had.'

Now I don't know in what circles Crossman moves, but I suspect they are ever-decreasing circles in the vicinity of Transport House. His experience definitely does not correspond with my own or that of party activists with whom I have talked. The average rank-and-filer, unconvinced of the party's policy himself, is placed in the embarrassing position of being expected to convince the general public of it. He knows the Labour line on the H-bomb is a badly constructed sham, aimed not at achieving nuclear disarmament but at striking a blow against the growing strength of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. He also knows that while the party bosses consider past nationalisation to be the pinnacle of perfection—not one word of criticism is contained in their pamphlet, *Nationalisation: a Success Story*—they quail before the prospect of extending public ownership. A Labour

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government would leave the essential fabric of British monopoly capitalism intact.

Many genuine Socialists, unable to make any impact on the party leadership, have voted against the right-wing's policies with their feet, by leaving the Labour Party in disgust. And now we have Mr Crossman, wishing to widen the Grand Canyon separating the party Establishment from the rank-and-file, by investing the party leader with increased authority and less accountability to the membership.

No wonder Mr Crossman does not want a period of re-thinking. But, like it or not, there is going to be one. The emerging left-wing—workers in the constituency parties, industrial militants, and university Socialists—will not apply to Transport House for a licence before they indulge in the subversive activity of thinking and translating Socialist principles into contemporary terms.

RAY CHALLINOR

155 High Street
Silverdale
Stoke-on-Trent

SIR,—I look no further for reasons for defeat than our failure to muster our full vote. Let us not bother about the Liberals, they are merely collecting their due, votes from Liberals. But are we collecting our due? We have nothing to fear, it was not a 100 per cent. poll. I believe that among those who did not vote the percentage of potential Labour votes is exceedingly high.

Why have we failed to attract them? I think that the answer lies equally between the party and the trade unions. The trade unions are not big enough; they have got to expand. Union membership rests at 8 million-odd, yet surely there are nearly 16 million-odd workers in this country. There is a union to cover every conceivable activity, yet the figure is so low. Let us consider those who are non-union workers: many of them are working 60-80 hours a week without overtime, many work on a pitiful basic wage with meagre commissions; not because they want to, but because it was the only job they could get. They were not apprenticed at an early age. They have not the protection offered by a major union in a major factory. Is it not conceivable that this mass of workers feel that they have not been reached by the unions, that they show their resentment by not bothering to vote Labour, that they feel that the party is not considering them?

There is one new policy statement that I feel the party must draw up and that is 'National Employment Conditions'. When or whether you draw overtime must not be left to the whim of the employer, neither must the total hours you work. Until both the party and the unions prove to the mass of people that they are genuinely concerned with their interests they will fall short, but when they do we can be cheered with 15 to 16 million votes in the boxes.

J. C. BINNS

22 College Approach
Greenwich, SE10

SIR,—During the necessary plethora of post-mortems on the mistakes which led to Labour's defeat in the General Election, it is sincerely to be hoped that Harold Wilson's concise, lucid yet passionate reply in the NEW STATESMAN of 3 October to Peter Townsend's article of the previous week will not be forgotten.

Many among the 44 per cent. of the electorate who voted Labour, and some who did not, broadly supported our policy because of a faith in democratic Socialism as the only convincing answer to the evils of capitalist economy and to Communism; but were nevertheless aware that any 'dreams' or faith in perfection must be directly related to the complex realities produced by Conservative success in raising living standards for many more sections of the community than were imagined possible in earlier Socialist thinking. Harold Wilson's unequivocal idealism and humanity (i.e., 'we were not brought up on this doctrine of first- and second-class citizens'), combined with his realistic approach to the problems of human inequality, offered, even before the Election, a basis for Socialist education and rethinking.

FELICITY BOLTON

35 Frederick Road
Edgbaston

SIR,—In discussing the reasons why the successes of Socialism tend to be self-defeating, no one seems to have made the point that, in addition to encouraging people to feel middle- rather than working-class, these successes also eradicate insecurity. It is only when people are thoroughly insecure that they are actively frightened of being done down by the freedom of the powerful to do what they want with their power. In a welfare state this fear vanishes, at any rate for a large proportion of the middle classes (enough to decide the fate of governments), and the Tory invocation of freedom makes its impact. Whenever Socialist policies entail restrictions on the use of money to buy privileges or jump queues, every man with even a little money behind him is more frightened of being directly frustrated by such restrictions than aware of being indirectly benefited by them. I do not know of a single person who, if he has the money, does not thank his stars—and perhaps the Tory majority?—that he is still able to jump the National Health queue (four months' wait sometimes for a hospital bed) when he feels it is really urgent for himself or for a wife or child. Luckily there are some people who have the money and who, nevertheless, still vote Socialist.

RUPERT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS

Castle Yard
Portmeirion
Merioneth

SIR,—When he was in London last August President Eisenhower, in the course of his televised conversation at 10 Downing Street, made one of those folksy remarks which enable occupants of his exalted position to rivet world-wide attention. 'I think,' he said, 'people want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of their way and let them have it.'

It is a pity that Labour candidates were too immersed in trivialities to take this revealing statement to heart. Although the Labour-class vote which, like the Tory-class vote, includes many of the most ignorant and selfish members of the community, remained, as usual, intact, the floating voters who form the backbone of the country and decide the issue of every election, sensibly preferred survival to Socialism and water. As there was nothing to choose between the Labour and Conservative policies in regard to defence and foreign affairs, the only problem for patriots was which of the two leaders to send to the summit. The Prime Minister's well-timed visit to Moscow, which paved the way for Krushchev's arrival in the United States, struck the popular imagination and swayed the voting in his favour.

The failure of Labour supporters, including even such outstanding personalities as Barbara Castle and R. H. S. Crossman, to understand the anxieties which beset the ordinary citizen in a period of world crisis makes it doubtful if the Labour Party, as at present constituted, can ever provide this country with an alternative government. A genuine Socialist peace policy, based on a pact of non-aggression with the USSR, disengagement from Nato and Seato, the repatriation of American bombers and Thor missiles, the slashing of the defence bill to provide funds for tax reduction and improved social services, the removal of trade restrictions and support at the UN for Krushchev's disarmament proposals, is unthinkable in present circumstances. Not only is there no personality on the Left with enough imagination, courage and patriotism to sponsor such a policy, but no newspaper in the country would dream of supporting him if he did.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

Stonar House, Deal

SIR,—Many commentators may be looking too far for reasons to explain Labour's defeat. I would not have thought that any other result could have been expected, when the popular newspapers every day since 1945 have been doing their utmost in a variety of cruel ways to damage the Labour Party and to discredit its leaders in the minds of many millions of voters; when the papers of higher tone have been trying to prove with specious and carefully selected arguments that Labour policies just would not work and in the end would ruin the nation; when the news bulletins of the BBC, with what they include and what they leave out, seem to support the Conservatives and when most of the talks, discussions and interviews follow the Tory or 'safe' line.

We must also not disregard the great publicity given in the press and on the radio to President Eisenhower's visit just before an election, the famous TV broadcast, and Colin Hurry's canvass in places where it would hurt most; and of course there was Lord Montgomery's eve-of-the-poll talk heard by millions of voters in a BBC *news* bulletin. It is the old story of wealth, power and privilege using every device to destroy the Labour movement. How to fight this is the main problem, as it always has been.

B. W. DALE

27 Ridgeway Road
Salisbury

SIR,—Words can be powers; and surely the use of 'Labour' instead of 'Socialist' is a drag on the party concerned. From Genesis downwards labour has been regarded as a punishment; the word's associations are depressing and can awake no instinctive response beyond a negative sense of injustice among the labourers themselves. It makes no direct appeal to the artisan and technician or to the clerical and professional classes. 'Socialist', for better or worse, touches everyone.

G. WILSON KNIGHT

Headingly
Leeds

SIR,—Further speculation about Labour's failure in the General Election seems to me unnecessary.

ENCOUNTER

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Shortly before polling day I was cycling my seven-year-old son through one of Hull's main streets when he noticed Mr Macmillan's face looking down at us from a hoarding. 'Dad, Dad', he remarked excitedly, 'that man's just like the leader in "Wagon Train"'.

R. E. RICHARDS

Woodmansey
Beverley

MIRROR TO HERALD

SIR,—'The *Herald*, which fought a brilliant propaganda campaign during the election, is not opting out of its Labour loyalties. On the contrary it has decided to reaffirm them more positively.'

Thus Mr Francis Williams in his Fleet Street column in your last issue. Being condemned by my job as journalist to read every daily paper every morning, I eagerly reached for the *Herald* last Saturday, the morning after Mr Douglas Jay's sensational *Forward* article had hit the headlines of the evening papers, to see how that brilliant campaigner for Labour had reaffirmed its loyalties in this rather important instance. Before that I had found that *The Times*, *The Guardian*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *News Chronicle*, and the *Daily Mail* had, not altogether surprisingly, made the Jay article, with its outright attack on nationalisation and the present 'image' of the Labour Party, their lead story. The four-inch double-decker banner-headline of the *Herald* which hit my unbelieving eyes ran: 'LOVE STOPS THE WORKS'—with the sub-heading: 'No night shift, said the bridegroom—Now 1,500 strike'. Other items found worthy by the staunch Labour campaigners of the *Herald* of a place on its front page that morning were: 'Youths kidnap soccer star'; 'Flynn's Girl Friend Admits: I'm 22'; 'Gaitskell gets his car back!'

But 'The Paper That Cares' could not possibly be as careless as not to mention Mr Jay's outburst to its loyal—if dwindling—readership. It did, in fact, mention in its leader on page 1: 'The counter-blast from the Douglas Jay Right' to 'the cries of the Michael Foot Left for more Socialism'. But how did it *guide* its readers who must be rather anxious to learn from the only Socialist campaigner left after the *Mirror's* defection *which* is, in fact, right: the Michael Foot Left or the Douglas Jay Right? This was the guidance for confused and anxious *Herald* readers: 'We say this to the Labour Movement. KEEP CALM. KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE BALL'.

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

93 Wolsey Crescent
Morden Park
Surrey

AN OXFORD MANIFESTO

SIR,—Sir Isaiah Berlin in his letter last week refers to my summarising his views as '(1) that "the desire to participate in governing the community to which one belongs ought to be repressed, for it can only lead to tyranny"; and (2) something less definite which might lead us to "shrug our shoulders and worry only about ourselves, as Berlin seems to advocate"'. He goes on to state that 'These views are not to be found in my lecture'.

I appreciate that it can be misleading to quote extracts. Unfortunately, however, there is not the space here to enter into detailed argument and I think that the whole tenor of his lecture is not unfairly represented by the following quotations which bear on these two points:

(1) 'The desire to be governed by myself, or at any rate, participate in the process by which my life is to be controlled may be as deep a wish as that of a free area of action and perhaps historically older. But it is not a desire for the same thing. So different is it indeed as to have led in the end to the great clash of ideologies that dominates our world. For it is this—the positive conception of liberty: not freedom from, but freedom to, which the adherents of the negative notion represent as being, at times, no better than a specious disguise for brutal tyranny'. Sir Isaiah is an adherent of the negative notion of freedom.

(2) I am sustained on the second point by Mr Colin Pepworth who, writing in support of Sir Isaiah, represents him as saying 'that what matters above all is (and then Mr Pepworth goes on to quote Sir Isaiah) "the desire not to be impinged upon, to be left to oneself"'.

JASPER UNGOED-THOMAS

Magdalen College
Oxford

SIR,—A year's reflection on the state of undergraduate politics at Cambridge makes me wish to support the hopes of Mr Jasper Ungoed-Thomas, whether he misinterprets Sir Isaiah Berlin or not. However, in Cambridge we had too little support for left politics to have to descend much to petty ambitions. But we had something worse, a level of discussion which rarely rose above snorts at the name of Anthony Crosland and sugary sneers for Morgan Phillips.

Why this? Mainly because there was little new for us to read, and no one to follow. We genuinely wanted to make up our minds, but no writers gave us inspiration, neither did the leadership of the party. So we drifted, mostly as nationalisation zealots, conscious that no one was actually being converted to Socialism, and conscious of frustration in all.

However, some of us did see ourselves beginning to react against the old left, and moving towards a feeling for a human society where individuals are important and bureaucracies are curbed. We still knew ourselves to be on the left, thinking of the Labour leaders as cynics, with no love for human beings. Perhaps we attacked partly because of these personalities—the leaders talked about 'the full life', while we felt that they were actually more interested in the margins of economics. But we attacked mainly because we were moving, with Mr Ungoed-Thomas, towards desire for a self-reliant society.

So let us hope that defeat will spur Labour away from its old position of the alternative party of materialism—the campaign should have helped. Only

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in this way will the universities breed a future generation of opinion leaders for the party. The quieter Labour is about its ideals, the nearer we will be to Lord Hailsham's utopia of political lassitude running gently into good unquestioning Conservatism.

MICHAEL FORES

33 Marshall St
W1

STREET OFFENCES

SIR,—Dr Clifford Allen misunderstands me. I did not mean to suggest that someone is liable to be arrested for persistently importuning merely because he remains at the same spot for a certain period. My point was that the accused person is seldom able satisfactorily to explain away that part of the evidence against him.

In the case he cites, Dr Allen finds it strange that an Italian, speaking no English, should be arrested, since he could verbally have communicated with nobody in the urinal. But speech in these cases is not necessary. A silent invitation is considered by the police sufficient evidence upon which to act.

Dr Allen's reference to Sir Laurence Dunne, before whom his 'patient' was, as he puts it, fortunate enough to be brought, is significant. Once a man has been charged with importuning, the outcome of his case must to some extent depend upon the idiosyncrasy of the magistrate concerned. The late Mr Harold McKenna invariably sent even first offenders in this category to prison, and gave as his reason for doing so—when I sometimes hinted to him that the sentence could be inhuman—the fact that he was not dealing with human beings, but with 'beasts'. Aware of this bias on his part, solicitors contrived whenever possible to arrange for their clients to appear before another magistrate. This they managed to do by asking for the case to be remanded until a date when Mr McKenna was not sitting, and therefore could be heard by another magistrate.

But I believe I would be right in saying that nowadays the magistracy is on the whole sufficiently fair-minded to render such a subterfuge unnecessary.

SEWELL STOKES

17 Museum Mansion
WC1

SIR,—As a woman, and one who is fortunate enough to be able to walk upon the Heath every day, I can assure Mr Thompson that what it needs is more, not less, patrolling.

It is extremely difficult for any woman under 60 and not noticeably deformed to take a walk on Hampstead Heath, even between the comparatively innocuous hours of nine and ten in the morning, without being irritated by extremely odd males who seem to live on the Heath. If she walks briskly she is all right; but let her stroll, or sit down—even in the most open space—and one of these curious attendants will appear within minutes. They usually just sit and gaze—like those comic characters who frequent the sloping meadow west of the ladies' bathing pool. If one has a book, they are usually content to move occasionally nearer, or walk around in an ever-narrowing circle; if one is just looking at the view, then they will speak and, although usually easily driven off, will occasionally dog one all the way back to the safety of a road.

For a young girl, a companion is no safeguard. There will soon be a ring of men gazing at them. As for children, no responsible mother would let hers visit the Heath alone. What I have said applies, of course, to any park; but it is particularly tiresome to have one's enjoyment of such a magnificent spot as the Heath interfered with.

HESTER SMITH

39 South Hill Park
NW3

BBC AND ITV: LEFT OR CENTRE?

SIR,—Keith Waterhouse attacks the BBC along familiar lines by associating it with 'the Establishment'; no better example could be found of the use of that vague concept to confuse issues and draw fire away from better targets. The BBC obviously has its faults, but those who carp at its general standards and achievements don't know when they are well off. They might begin by considering how much it has done to popularise the arts and sciences, and how much commercial broadcasting would be likely to do. As a body it can hardly be more inimical to Socialism than a group of companies which, though spending vast sums and influencing most people's daily lives, are in practice responsible to no one but their advertisers.

Waterhouse assumes that ITV has 'invigorated' TV and radio generally: a more common opinion is that it has already brought about a lowering of standards. He may be right in thinking that since its advent political features have improved, but then politics take up a very small part of radio-TV output. To talk of the spiritual affinities of ITV is not blasphemous: it is simply nonsense. Even if it were a guaranteed political asset to the Labour Party, I should hope Labour would take wider issues into account when 'thumbing through its policies'. Or does Waterhouse believe that Labour can only return to power by abandoning Socialism?

DEREK ROPER

The University
Sheffield

MR 'C'

SIR,—It is of the essence of Grub Street to impute base motives to reticence. In your 'London Diary' Mr Muggeridge seeks to identify a minor character in my *Life of Ronald Knox* with a major character in public life and suggests that I suppressed his name in order to further the electoral advantage of the Conservative Party. I am not concerned either to gratify or titillate his curiosity. The truth is simpler than (I suppose) Mr Muggeridge can conceive. I was guided solely by what I believed to be Ronald Knox's wishes and by my own sense of literary manners.

In his *Spiritual Aeneid*, written in 1917, Ronald Knox referred to two friends, both then alive, as 'B' and 'C', saying: 'Their names are no business of anybody's'. 'B' has been dead for 41 years and I saw no objection to naming him. 'C' is alive and I have preserved his anonymity. The decision was mine alone.

EVELYN WAUGH

10 Buckingham Street
WC2

THE SMALL REVOLUTION

SIR,—If Reyner Banham wants to biff 'British' architecture, I wish he would do so for the right reasons. There are plenty. But it is not 'insular' to welcome, and profit from, 'architects from Canada, New Zealand, the Caucasus and Germany'—whoever these people may be—rather the reverse, surely. The late acceptance here of the ideas of the Italian *seicento* had very good results.

Secondly and lastly, designing roundabouts or doorknobs is not architecture. The idea that it is arises from a misconception of the purposes of the Bauhaus, primarily a school of industrial design. Architecture is and always will be concerned, roughly speaking, 'with carefully balancing horizontal things on top of vertical things'. Is the alternative to an environment consisting mainly of horizontals and verticals one consisting mainly of hyperbolic paraboloids? Let Reyner Banham put that in his amiable pipe and smoke it if he cares to. Let him also accuse us of stuffiness so long as he himself understands the strictly architectural reasons for doubting the *scale* and *form* of these shapes.

On the modest principle that he who laughs last laughs longest, many of us wish to experience and absorb, personally, these (and other) shapes, rather than to venture for fashion's sake.

JAMES CUBITT

25 Gloucester Place
W1

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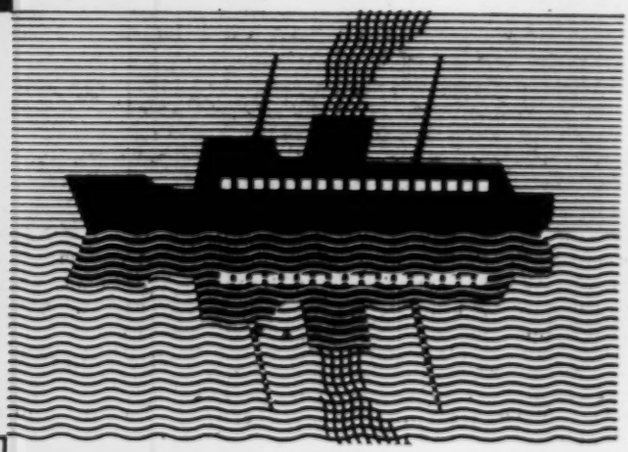
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Their Arabia

WILFRED THESIGER's name has cropped up in one or two excellent travel books by other people. It has suggested the lonely, scornful and eccentric expert in primitive hardship. Now we have his own much awaited book*. It is mainly an account of his journeys in 'the empty quarter' of Arabia. One might call it the swan-song of the English Arabists. The desert is now closed, ruled, taxed; the jeep and the Cadillac are ousting the camel, the bedouin are moving to the towns; where they are not pacified they are trapped by the rising cost of living. Nomads whose way of life had been unaffected by anything in history from before the time of the Persians have in forty years been annulled by the discovery of oil. Degradation, assimilation, death as a distinctive race is their future. This is Thesiger's opinion. He is the last of the line of Bertram Thomas, Philby, Lawrence and Doughty to see the old Arab world; no one else – so he says – will see what they saw and, even more interesting, feel what they felt about the desert.

The fact that he says it so dramatically and so bitterly indicates the force and peculiarity of 'their Arabia' as a personal experience. No other part of the world seems to have had a comparable effect on Englishmen of the educated upper class. They felt they had at last come into a spiritual empire of their own. What explains this compulsion – one that has given excellent works of travel to our literature and has drawn out men of extraordinary character? They all speak of the sense of absolute freedom one draws from the people and the land itself. Physical factors make their contribution: the immensity of the desert, its dry, clear air which illuminates distance, the emptiness, barrenness and lack of gracious feature. But these travellers also speak of freedom in very much the same way as the religious who submit to the rigours, isolation and timelessness of some kinds of monastic life. When we look into the question of upbringing, a less dramatic idea occurs to us. The desert looks more like an ideal public school without walls, with sheikhs for house captains and prefects – the masters are understanding political officers in Aden and so on, a long way off – guerilla war and raiding take the place of compulsory games; the punishments are attractively severe – hunger, thirst, robbery beating; the Arabs, like the schoolboys, are addicts of ritual and convention and their conversation is in proverbs which can be played like hands of bridge; the honour system is strong but relieved by formulæ; the tone utterly masculine. To these things we can add that the tensions of daily life are Puritan – how to test out body and spirit to the limit, how to live sparely and on a minimum, even of the expectation of life. And then, running through this asceticism, there is the comfort of equality and companionship, the natural personal clinging together of small anarchic groups; this might be squalid – Doughty, the one solitary who really hated the bedouin, found it so – but the others found that this life stripped bare had its dignity, its tradition. Even the cheatings and betrayals of Arab life (they found) had the interest of expert variations on the sacred theme of total independence from the corruption of civilisation.

In all this there is the nagging discomfort that has affected English Arabists. Mr Thesiger – who may be said to have dedicated his whole life to living rough and free from the age of three, when his mother took him by pack mule down to the coast from Addis Ababa where he was born – has felt it. It is at the heart of the splendid Romantic delusion. Unlike their contemporaries who had gone abroad to rule, our Arabists could honestly feel that they were not rulers, they had no Imperial guilt. They were disinterested voices, men sometimes discarding nationality, or if not, speaking privately. They had renounced civilised society. It was most painful to realise that, in their freedom, they were really opening up the wastes for the kind of society they wished to escape. Their very maps condemned them. They were killing what they loved.

Still the conversions have remained. The son of the British Minister in Abyssinia, Mr Thesiger entered the rough, dangerous, barbarous and solitary life by the best possible way: the way of privilege. Little boys at his English prep school called him a liar and bullied him when he talked of lions and of the splendours of a society which took a pride in the railway service to Addis Ababa and in collecting the testicles of its enemies. Eton, with its taste for variety, was kinder, but Mr Thesiger was glad to get out of England when he grew up and to go home. He went to the Sudan. Khartoum he dismissed as suburbia. He managed some apprentice journeys of savage danger. One had to face the fact that the self-esteem of one's acquaintances depended on the number of murders they had committed and the indispensable trophies, dressy and ferocious, they killed at random in order to have the right to wear an extra plume in the hat. In alarm, these early journeys of Mr Thesiger's have really more to offer than the self-mortifications of Arabia. Mr Thesiger spent his leaves in Morocco and the Sahara and there the desert marked him down:

> . . . the real desert where differences of race and colour, or wealth and social standing are almost meaningless; where the lowerings of pretence are stripped away and basic truths emerge. It was a place where men live close together. Here, to be alone was to feel at once the weight of fear, for the nakedness of this land was more terrifying than the darkest forest at night. . . .

He was ready for Arabia and the long hand of civilisation got him there: the Middle East Anti-Locust unit believed that 'outbreak centres' lay in the Arabian desert, and that if they could be found, swarming could be stopped.

Here begin the long and severe journeys which are the making of Mr Thesiger's book and which put him in the first rank of the great obdurate travellers. Hardened, standoffish at first, six foot two among his short bedu – he prefers 'bedu' to 'bedouin' – maddened by their continual chatter, for they could not bear to let anyone alone, he at last un-Englished himself and became one of them. There is no human solitude in the desert camp. The freedom of the desert, also, was relative. There were territories to be avoided. There were prohibitions to be dodged. Ibn Saud's tax collectors had to be given a wide berth. In burning heat, in almost unbearable thirst, hunger and physical exhaustion, during the first journey in the 'empty quarter', which only Thomas and Philby had crossed before, the traveller had to resort to self-catechism: 'Would you sooner be in London now, or here? Here, of course'. At an early point in his journey, the usual defection had taken place, the men who gave up were certain Thesiger's party would lose their camels and so, inevitably die. One has met this kind of episode in many books of travel and it does not always impress; but Thesiger's manner of writing is observant, plain and grave, and he has the art not only of saying things are so but of making them seem so. On realises that the defection was a major test of will and character. No extra emotional effects are called in; he does not fall into expedition English of the hearty or facetious kind; his descriptions of his people and the land are serious and are kept continuously alive by curiosity, quickness of eye and nervous temperament. He was not a man to cross. He speaks of having to control his temper and a scornful tongue; the irritability comes out in his prose and is good for it.

Very often the large dramas of travel are eventless. They are themselves the only event. To convey this and give it movement and tension is an achievement and Thesiger has the power. The art lies in moving from mass to detail. One sees the plants which the camels go for; the man suddenly running and unbelievably pulling a rabbit out of a burrow; the digging in water-holes for brackish stuff the thirsty camels will not drink; the sight of the starving party pressing their bellies to the ground to keep off the pains of hunger. One hears the shots of alarm as raiders appear, and sees a man dismount and throw sand into the air as a sign of peace. One gets closer to the bedu who, to while away the time as they ride, start the comedy of pretending to bargain for one another's camels, knowing no one intends to buy or sell; or who rush off at once, shouting 'What news?' if a stranger appears, in the frantic craving for desert gossip.

There are innumerable felicities of description of the desert landscape which I cannot easily detach from the text. They convey the great variety of the sculptured scene, and its remarkable changes of shape and colour: there are craters, brick-red dunes, blue hollows; the shapes suggest crescents, waves, pinnacles, draperies.

> We mounted our camels. My companions had muffled their faces in their head cloths and rode in silence, swaying to the camel's stride. The shadows on the sand were very

* *Arabian Sands*. By WILFRED THESIGER. *Longmans*. 35s.

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blue, of the same tone as the sky; two ravens flew northward croaking as they passed. I struggled to keep awake. The only sound was made by the slap of the camel's feet, like wavelets lapping on the beach.

Of the character of the bedu he has a lot to say – incidentally he noticed no homosexuality in his party; he thinks Lawrence's men must have been village Arabs – and the following passage sums it up:

> It is characteristic of the Bedu to do things by extremes, to be either wildly generous or unbelievably mean, very patient or almost hysterically excitable, to be incredibly brave or to panic for no apparent reason. Ascetic by nature, they derive satisfaction from the bare simplicity of their lives and scorn the amenities which others would judge essential. I have never met a Bedu who was greedy. Continent for months on end, not one of them, even the most austere, would regard celibacy as a virtue. They want sons, and consider that women are provided by God for the satisfaction of men. Deliberately to refrain from using them would be not only unnatural but also ridiculous, and Bedus are very susceptible to ridicule. Yet an Arab will use his sister's name as his battle-cry, and Glubb has suggested that the medieval conception of chivalry came to Europe from the Arabs at the time of the Crusades. Bedu set great store by human dignity and most of them would prefer to watch a man die rather than see him humiliated. Always reserved in front of strangers and accustomed on formal occasions to sit for hours motionless and in silence, they are a garrulous, light-hearted race. But, at the instigation of religious zealots, they can become uncompromisingly puritanical, quick to frown on all amusement, regarding song and music as a sin and laughter as unseemly.

In all, this is the excellent book we hoped for from a man of great fortitude who has lived hard and wild, sought unknown places where life is 'bad'. As a traveller he is formidable; and as a writer he has the power to disclose the extraordinary experience, physical and mental, that has been shut up in himself with stern determination for half an active life-time. The photographs are very fine and the map at the end of the book is a beauty.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Riposte

'Change the tune friend, there are things growing
Besides trees in this sweet world.
Look in the mind; green is showing
Where new love comes into bud.'

'There you go now, the same image
Stems from your lips. Why not employ
One from your trade? Say that joy
Fuses now, that the black leads . . .'

'Employ nothing; your fault is speech:
Always for forcing the sly marriage
Of young with old. Let the fagged bitch
Of an earth rot; she's produced all . . .'

'All that you couldn't. Your love's womb
Is dry, sterile; spend as you please
On her grey future, you'll come in the end
To the old tryst under the trees.'

R. S. THOMAS

Mysterious Bagehot

The Spare Chancellor. By ALASTAIR BUCHAN. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

> You can know a man from his books, and if he is a writer of good faith, and has the knack, you may know him very well: better it may be than did his directors or his partners in business, or even his own flesh and blood.

I heartily concur with Birrell's judgment on Walter Bagehot. For I have just been reading *The Spare Chancellor,* in which Mr Alastair Buchan, writing as a one-time member of the *Economist* staff, has essayed another biography of the most influential editor in the history of the British political weeklies. I had been keenly looking forward to Mr Buchan's book ever since Mr St John-Stevas published his selection from Bagehot's political writings, with some brief biographical and critical observations. I felt he had missed the real Bagehot, and hoped that, in the larger compass allowed him, Mr Buchan would succeed better. But no! What he has given us is a charming and probably definitive story of the early years, up to the time when the brilliant young prig from the Somerset bank met James Wilson, founder of the *Economist,* fell in love with his bevy of six buxom daughters and made Eliza, the eldest of them, his wife. It is here that the life of Bagehot becomes the biography of Gladstone's spare Chancellor, the inventor of Treasury Bills and the author of *Lombard Street* and *The English Constitution.* But as soon as the rustic prelude is over, Mr Buchan's narrative peters out into rather jejune summaries of Bagehot's main writings, interspersed with a few anecdotes. By the end we are no wiser about how the great editor ran his paper; we do not even know what his office looked like, who attended the editorial conference or how much money the *Economist* made. As for his married life with Eliza, that also remains completely unilluminated, apart from one strange little footnote, suggesting that Bagehot believed that his failure to have children was due to the reduced fertility of those with busy intellectual minds.

If this book is a disappointment, the cause is partly to be found in sheer paucity of material and partly in the defects of Mr Buchan's virtues. Since the official biography by Bagehot's sister-in-law, little new material has been made available, except Eliza's almost illegible diaries, of which Mr Buchan makes little use. Moreover, the original files of the *Economist* were destroyed by an enemy fire bomb during World War II, thus depriving him of the most important source for studying Bagehot's methods as an editor. I suspect that, when he was halfway through this book, Mr Buchan discovered there just wasn't enough material for a full-length biography.

It is at this point that Mr Buchan became the victim of his virtues. A writer with a less rigid definition of biographical fact would have eked out his inadequate sources with a psychological explanation of Bagehot's writings in terms of his emotional life. Here is the adored son of a West Country nonconformist, respectful of his stolid father but emotionally tied to a beautiful, brilliant mother, who was always on the edge of insanity and only rescued from it by Walter himself. Bagehot grew up a mixture of Roundhead and Cavalier, of dash and timidity, of Tory and iconoclast; and his imaginative understanding of what moves a man of action – whether in love or politics or business – was combined with an instinctive personal withdrawal from active life. It was this combination which enabled him to describe with such humorous detachment and sympathy what

really happens in Westminster, in Lombard Street or even in the mind of the poet, although he himself could neither act nor create. In everything he touched except critical journalism, Bagehot was unsuccessful. Indeed, from Mr Buchan's silences I conclude that his ignominious failure, despite frequent attempts, to persuade a constituency to adopt him was matched at home, where he showed just as great inadequacies as a husband.

Of all this, however, Mr. Buchan gives us nothing but hints. He mentions, for example, as one of Bagehot's characteristics 'a fear of probing too deep beneath the surface, an instinctive aversion from the tragic in literature and in life'. Then he continues, 'Bagehot had seen a great deal of private tragedy, he had with difficulty steeled himself to live in and accept the real world, and he had put a barrier of what was at first bravado and only later confidence between himself and dark thoughts'. I cannot help wishing that he had made these sentences the beginning of a long analysis, instead of inserting them at the abrupt, tantalising conclusion of a scrappy chapter. Whereas he shows a real aptitude as a student of character, he is surprisingly inferior to Mr St. John-Stevas as an interpreter of Bagehot's writings. His mind lacks the brutality required to dissect the body politic and the body economic, so as to fold back the flesh of myth and sentiment and disclose the tough sinews of decision and power assertion concealed underneath. With Walter Bagehot the political anatomist he feels no real sympathy; but for Walter Bagehot the man he has a deep fellow-feeling, and it may be because he has grown over-fond of him that he has refused to probe the dark places behind that brilliant Victorian exterior.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Dublin's Swift

In Search of Swift. By DENIS JOHNSTON. *Hodges Figgis, Dublin: Macmillan.* 36*s.*

Dublin's way with its distinguished sons, at least with its writers, is always to cut them down to size – to its own size, which is parochial. Accordingly, to the world outside, Dublin's Joyce or Dublin's Yeats is something less than life-size. But the trouble with Swift is that, at least since Thackeray, he has been altogether too large for life, a figure monstrous and mythical. And so Dublin's Swift, surviving as he surprisingly does through affectionate apocrypha, is altogether refreshing, for the popular imagination, cutting him down to size, reduces him only to the scale of life, and makes him humanly understandable. This book by a Dublin playwright, produced very handsomely by a Dublin publisher, puts Dublin's life-size Swift into print.

Everything that is monstrous in the accepted image derives at bottom from the riddle of Swift's attitude to sex. And so Denis Johnston had to open up again the whole snarled question of the alleged marriage to Stella, and to look for the answer, as others have done, in the confusions and contradictions which surround Swift's birth. The best that others have made of this tangle has been the hypothesis that Swift and Stella either couldn't marry, or if they married couldn't acknowledge it, because they were both Sir William Temple's bastards. Mr Johnston accepts this parentage for Stella, but rejects it for Swift. Yet he agrees that the putative father, Jonathan Swift the elder, cannot have been the parent; and he supports this by researches in what survives of the Dublin public records and parish registers, and especially in the Black Book of the King's Inns in Dublin. This last is what he depends on most – understandably, since Swift the elder was briefly Steward of the Inns, and Sir John Temple, Sir William's father, was Treasurer of the Inns and Master of the Rolls for Ireland. The solution Johnston offers, satisfyingly held back to the end, is that Swift was Sir John's bastard as Stella was Sir William's; hence their marriage could not be made, or if made could not be acknowledged, because they were uncle and niece.

But the book doesn't stand or fall on this solution, which is tentative in any case, but (as Mr Johnston acknowledges) on the arguments and the fresh review of the evidence. This ought to mean that the fun is all in the hunt, not in the kill. But alas, there's really very little fun at all—not for the writer apparently, and so not for the reader. For the author of *The Old Lady Says No*, this grubbing about must have been a distasteful duty; but he'd have done better to pretend it wasn't. Instead, he's grim and resentful. Apparently he's run up against an academic closed shop with vested interests in Swift, which has tried for twenty years to keep him in his place. It became a matter of honour to substantiate what at first perhaps was no more than a hunch. And so the force of the book is destructive and critical. There will have to be a reply from Sir Harold Williams or some other distinguished Swiftian to Mr Johnston's charge that, with the shining exception of Elrington Ball, Swiftian scholarship has at nearly every stage ignored primary sources or else used these only to buttress prejudice. But all this in-fighting, however understandable and even necessary, makes tedious reading; and it gets in the way of what's really important, the vindication of Vanessa, and of Swift as a man trapped not by abnormality but precisely because he was sexually normal.

DONALD DAVIE

History with a Dash

The Defeat of the Spanish Armada. By GARRETT MATTINGLY. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Professor Mattingly writes *petite histoire* on the grand scale; it is not surprising that he is the Book Society choice. He tells a series of good stories with gusto and command: starting at Fotheringhay, 18 February 1587 – as for the colour of Mary's petticoat on the scaffold, 'I have opted for crimson, not so much because it is in more early MSS. than any other, but because if Mary had crimson undergarments (and we know she had) I think she would have worn them' – and moving by way of Greenwich, Paris, Rome, the coast of Spain and Portugal, Brussels and Sluys, Plymouth, the Channel, and Tilbury, to conclude with the Escurial and Richmond, New Year's Day, 1589 (the rival monarchs reflect on the progress of the war), and New York, New Year's Day, 1959 (the historian reflects on the place of the Armada in history). These final reflections emphasise what the vivid narrative has indirectly and disjointedly suggested: that the Armada mattered only because it was part – not a central part – of a greater complex of action, and because men conceived it to be a portent. All battles are, literally, senseless; to make one of them the subject of a book of history is to delimit, in a rather more than Toynbeean sense, an unintelligible area.

But Professor Mattingly enjoys his history, and so will his readers. They may find the diplomatic details and indeed the relevance of some scenes puzzling; and they may be troubled by the fustian – on a single page there are 'painted mignons and

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treacherous politicians', 'indiscreet friars', 'stern legists who sat beneath the throne glowering at the frightened clerics' – but these later 'swaggered out of the Louvre, sneering'; Drake is introduced as 'a sailor-man'; and, as for Elizabeth, 'one would give a good deal for an unexpurgated transcript of the royal eloquence that crisped the beards of her councillors, and reduced toughened courtiers to tears and incoherence'. This is the surface; it rests on a solid basis of scholarship, and a practical grasp of the business of government and war. Not only are the battle scenes clear and exciting (though the student of tactics would happily exchange some of the book's pretty pictures for a few plans); still more striking are the successive demonstrations of the difficulty of getting news, giving orders, organising supplies, and, in general, mastering the exigencies of things in space and time, and allowing for the variousness of men. This administrative emphasis gives a rather new twist to the established story: it makes Professor Mattingly argue (not wholly convincingly) that Elizabeth deliberately conserved her fleet for effective action in the Channel; it slightly dims the military glory of Howard and Drake, whose fine ships failed to break the Spanish line; and it still further rehabilitates Medina Sidonia. But it also reinforces an impression that history is one damned thing after another.

C. S. BENNETT

Recent historical publications include a study of social and agrarian conditions, *Rural England* 1086-1135 by Reginald Lennard (Oxford, 45s.) and, in the Home University Library, *Nineteenth-Century European Civilisation* by Geoffrey Bruun (Oxford, 7s. 6d.). As the final volume of his *Study of History* Professor Toynbee has compiled with Edward D. Myers an *Historical Atlas and Gazetteer* (Oxford, 35s.).

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Spectator: 'All the more powerful for its restraint.' 16s.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Them and Us

Class and Class Conflict in an Industrial Society. By RALF DAHRENDORF. *Routledge.* 42s.

The Growth of British Industrial Relations. By E. H. PHELPS BROWN. *Macmillan.* 42s.

These two hefty, important and, considering the nature of the subject, surprisingly lucid and readable studies could scarcely have arrived more pertinently than just now when the results of a general election have prompted the most unexpected people to observations on the nature of our society, observations which, among other things, call into question the whole ideological basis of the Labour Party. Gone, it seems, is the class war. The very idea of a working-class movement is outmoded. Capitalism is dead: the trade unions are the reactionaries now. Full employment and prosperity, the consumer society, have produced, or are about to produce, one nation. Co-partnership, one gathers, will set the course of the ship of state fair for the rosy sunset. Pleasant, unpleasant or nicely ironic, as you wish, it is nevertheless quite a thought that these books probably arrive so pertinently because of the national strike of those fully employed and prosperous printers.

To consider either book simply in relation to any change in patterns of politics in this particular industrial society is, of course, brutally to limit its range. Professor Dahrendorf in fact has, with dazzling erudition, examined the principal attitudes to questions of class from Marx to Schelsky, Weber to Riesman and, mostly, found them wanting. Professor Phelps Brown moves easily through the mass of detail attending the growth of the trade unions, the condition of the people in late nineteenth-century industrial society, the causes of unrest in our dreadful Edwardian era and its gradual and painful resolution. He clarifies, among all the bitterness and uproar of strike and lock-out, those pressures and compromises which created the peculiar, unique structure of British industrial relations, a structure, he maintains, very much now as it was in 1914. Among changes he would like to see is a readiness to reach agreements within firms, when the efficiency of the firm and the workers' wages need not be 'held back to what the least profitable third of the industry can afford'.

From both books one gathers that the Marxian notion of class conflict has lost point with the alleviation of mass poverty and the removal of the more glaring social inequalities. It is here that Professor Dahrendorf begins to lay about him, if one may represent so complex a process in a term so rough. To begin with, there still isn't all that much equality: 'Differences not only of income and prestige, but also of the "consumer position", are still marked. The idea that the new, consumer society is creating a kind of industrial civilisation – a fashionable idea this – in which the co-operation of individuals and groups is the supreme principle, he very strongly resists. He has no time for theorists who suggest that conflict is a kind of fall from grace, that man, as it were, was born an organisation man but is everywhere in the chains of anti-social conflict. In this view of post-capitalist society, in this monist, morally rearmed world, a Socialist may be explained in no way other than in terms of his case-history – it seems this is how the American sociologist Mayo explains Marx.

Conflict, springing from the fact of power, will survive. In spite of social mobility, education freely available, the prevalence of motor-cars, classes will remain in conflict since conflict springs from a relation between authority and those not in authority. In a healthy society conflict is essential, as is the means for its powerful expression to prevent the group in revolt seeking violent means of satisfaction outside the system. He suggests, for example, that:

> The German shop council and co-determination systems block rather than open channels of expression of conflicting interests. It would not be surprising if these ineffective modes of regulation should lead to new and at first uncontrolled outbreaks of violence.

What is of particular interest in his re-statement of class-conflict is his theory of the 'institutional isolation' of industry. Industrial class interests are no longer identical with political class interests. 'His occupational role has lost its comprehensive moulding force for the social policy of the industrial worker. . . . In terms of its issues, industrial conflict increasingly becomes *industrial* conflict without reference to general social and political problems'. In other words, 'the notion of a workers' party has lost its political meaning'.

This theory is not yet, one supposes, completely applicable in this country. Groups like miners and railwaymen – the groups, as Professor Phelps Brown demonstrates, who were the principals in the great strikes of the century's first decade – would very quickly deny it. Concepts like 'them' and 'us' will remain powerful a long time yet. It remains, nevertheless, a tendency and an electorally important one.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Hear the Preacher

Free Fall. By WILLIAM GOLDING. *Faber.* 15s.

William Golding is a queer fish of a writer. The settings of his first three novels were a desert island, a Neanderthal settlement, a barren rock in the Atlantic. Violent death is prominent in all of them. Images of chaos and cruelty prevail. Indeed the emphasis on disaster verges on the ludicrous. Technically, Golding is hugely accomplished within a rather narrow range. His first and best novel, *Lord of the Flies*, was a genuine *tour de force*: a remarkable feat of strength and skill. His new book is another crafty piece of work, and the old obsessions are not absent. In *Free Fall*, the key scenes take place in a torture chamber, at a boys' school, in a madhouse. The novel is quite readable, but this kind of writing provokes impatience.

Samuel Mountjoy tells the story. He is a painter ('I hang in the Tate') in middle age. Looking back, he recalls a working-class childhood, schooldays, a critical illness, art-student days, first love, a flirtation with Communism, the war, marriage, success. Sammy is a man with a black dog on his back. Somewhere along the line, his life went off the rails. He has lost his freedom, his power to choose, his flair for living. How did it happen? What went wrong? Hoping to find out, he is reviewing his own history. 'Perhaps reading my story through again I shall see the connection between the little boy, clear as spring water, and the man like a stagnant pool.' Sammy is much occupied with this rather simple idea that something nasty suddenly happens to innocent children, turning them at a stroke into guilt-laden grown-ups.

Like most painters, Sammy is no great shakes as a thinker. This is unfortunate, because most of the book is Sammy thinking. A thin trickle of narrative wanders through wide, barren sands of speculation. There is neither humour nor irony. It is hard to believe in Sammy as a painter.

He is always telling us he is a man of the senses, but the sensuous detail is not usually very convincing. As in Mr Golding's earlier novels, the vivid scenes are the exaggerated ones. Sammy defiles a church, a mad clergyman makes a pass at him, he perverts his girl-friend, later he visits her in a lunatic asylum, in a prisoner-of-war camp a Gestapo bully interrogates him, he is tortured. In these passages, the writing comes alive, as it does not when Sammy is merely drinking beer in a pub, or walking-out the girl-friend.

Mr Golding is fascinated by human misery, and it is not a good state of mind. Essentially he is a didactic writer, with a truly tragic imagination that he has converted to the uses of a moralist. 'If only I could take this world for granted!' snivels Sammy self-righteously, meaning that everybody but he is an insensitive clod. Mr Golding believes that we are not sufficiently conscious of our humanity, and in *Free Fall* he is preaching a sermon against callousness. It is an excellent thing to do, but his examples are too lurid, and he pitches his voice too stridently. After a while, only the deaf are listening. Some of the congregation are staring curiously at the preacher. Why does the perspiration stand out so? they wonder. Why is he shouting? What does it signify, that wild look in his eye?

PETER DUVAL SMITH

New Novels

From the Terrace. By JOHN O'HARA. *Cresset.* 25*s.*

The Tumbled House. By WINSTON GRAHAM. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16*s.*

Left of Centre. By PAUL JOHNSON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Brother Cain. By SIMON RAVEN. *Blond.* 15*s.*

Why is John O'Hara so voluminously tantalising? How is it that, for all his masterly sense of structure, his sympathy for the vehement, his undallying prose and his skill in panache, he often turns suspense into tedium? One reason is that he casts himself as the Tolstoyan archivist. His novels teem with the resurrected data of lives lived: the expense of love, luck and hubris. His gods are mundane. His giants are giants of data, and it is as such, not as persons, that they are distinguishable from the data stacked around them. On the other hand, the dwarfs in the novels – the nonentities offered as diversion – are more like believable people, precisely because they remain comparatively undocumented.

From the Terrace is the story of Alfred Eaton, born 1897, unloved second son of a Pennsylvania steelmaster and a powerless, cool mother. The father, after the elder son dies from spinal meningitis, is unable to transfer his devotion and dreams to Alfred, who matures early through self-reliance and yet is always seeking a father-substitute. The novel's 897 pages massively record the context and detail of Alfred's rise from wealth to imminent millionairedom: after Princeton, the Navy; then into civil aviation and so to Wall Street, where he is groomed for power. He distinguishes himself as Assistant Secretary to the Navy, learns the higher calculus of human wickedness and, after a 'massive haemorrhage', resigns. The rest is milk, rest, probanthine, the Legion of Merit, convalescence (and obsolescence) on the terrace of a rented house in California. Once out of things, he finds return difficult: his telephone is silent for days on end. In fact he is to remain a spectator, well-to-do, gifted, experienced, irrevocably shelved. Success and power have, like his father, made and aban-

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doned him. At the end of the novel, his second wife has a still-born son, and they are left with waning passion and a pathetic craving for 'something to do'.

Alfred Eaton is no Jay Gatsby, starting from scratch: he begins in a privileged enclave of the open society. Why does he fail? Or at least why does he find himself excluded from power? He makes enemies through chance and disdain, but omits to choose and adapt his friends according to the power-politics of high finance. He is essentially lonely. His towering sexuality and his passion for a guiding love are his only means of bridging the gulf: they are a godhead invading his life. Yet these invasions are catalogued in much the same way as the landscape, the syllabus (inserted with a Defoe-like flourish) of the Princeton entrance examination, the desiccated puerility of Long Island society and the exploits of casual acquaintances. Does O'Hara imply that Alfred demeans the one power capable of regenerating him? Partly, yes. Neither twister nor idealist, Alfred is (as his one remaining friend puts it at the end) 'a very attractive man with an unattractive outlook on people'. He has no spiritual centre, which is perhaps why Mr O'Hara presents him inconsistently, promising a monolith but offering fragments only.

Yet one's discontent is the measure of a grand ambition all but realised. In *From the Terrace*, Mr O'Hara is trying too hard, attempting excessive objectivity. Only rarely (like H. G. Wells in a very similar novel about a wrecked career, *The New Machiavelli*) is he fully behind even the emotional passages. But for comprehensive and sometimes ferocious intelligence, sifting without interpreting the substance of human downfall, *From the Terrace* is unforgettable. It has power, grandeur, accuracy and the ghastly pressure of this industrial century. Possibly, even, its very lack of integration is meant to force upon us more depressingly than usual the familiar O'Hara theme: that man is at odds with himself for ineluctable reasons.

From the more-royal-than-king-size to a conventional but highly distinguished novel. *The Tumbled House* is perfectly phased and built. It tells of an almost satanic involvement. Roger Shorn, a suave, self-centred journalist, debunks the high reputation and good name of the late Sir John Marlowe, barrister turned philosopher. Marlowe's son Don, a successful young conductor, libels Shorn, who sues and wins. But it is hard to tell which comes first, the chicken of righteousness or the egg of the hatred; for Shorn has been having an affair with Don's wife, and Shorn's shady son, Michael, gets engaged to Don's sister. These snarled intimacies culminate in Michael's violent death. The whole novel seems to take place under the control of unmentioned devils; the prose is immaculate and vibrant, and the last forty pages develop a tension almost intolerable, yet oddly beautiful in tragic import.

The obverse of all this is the frolic. *Left of Centre* is an incessantly funny escapade in which Henry Arnold, very English, is sucked into the vortex of bohemian Paris. Amid the flurry of political chop-and-change (the time is Spring, 1958), Henry surrenders virginity and cash to the lush, lewd Lady Dora, his academic resolve to the wild ethos and his future to the chic, Left-wing heiress, Cleo. There is a fruity caper in the Louvre with fashion-photographers and models ablaze with temperament, and the plot effervesces with all the speed of new gossip. The conversations crackle and every sentence provokes. A splendid first volley.

Mr Raven's second novel, set in Rome, is a sinister romp. Jacinth Crewe, a penniless sybarite, escapes from Cambridge and an Army commission and joins, at a fabulous salary, a secret group which aims to purify democracy by arranging 'the unsuspicious appearance of regrettable but everyday disaster'. Subtly, they confer the pox on whores frequented by communist leaders; this troubles Jacinth and at liquidations he baulks. But they're all against him, and he goes to ritual death in a magnificent piece of Aztec-cum-Kafka at the end. Mr Raven's fable has a clear point, is pungently written and starts disquieting trains of thought.

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The Middle Years

Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge: Vols. III and IV. Edited by EARL LESLIE GRIGGS. *Oxford*. 5gns.

Four of the six volumes of Professor Griggs's big book are now on the shelf. The first two appeared in 1956, and everybody liked them. Even the academic journals tingled with shy enthusiasm. And quite right, too, because a first-class job was clearly under way in California, accurate, orderly and economical. Not to over-edit is nowadays the chief of negative virtues, and I also admire the critical good sense that has stayed with Professor Griggs through thirty years' work, while he has searched among a hundred and fifty collections in nine countries, and which has saved him from the delusion that Coleridge was a great letter-writer. These new volumes, impressive both of them, present a familiar literary paradox. It grows more obvious with every page that no specialist can do without this work. And with every page one feels less able to say that there is anything new here that matters much. About a third of these letters have not been printed before (as against a sixth in the first two volumes); and many of the others have been substantially altered by the putting right of errors and omissions which earlier printed texts inherited from nineteenth-century transcribers. 'Indispensable' must be the verdict; and yet one cannot urge the timid amateur to buy.

The period covered is that of the seedy middle years, from 1807 to 1819. Sadder in a way than the opium and the poverty, the cadging and the whining, is the ruin of Coleridge's prose. He could write a fresh, casual letter when he was a very young man, and he leaves a memorable semi-formal record in his potted autobiographies to Poole and his addresses from Germany. But the letters here are sorry reading, and a dreadful witness to the effect of too much journalism.

Some crumbs of bibliographical comfort will be gathered from the new material. The history of the *Biographia Literaria* is plainer than it was. It will also be possible to make more sense of the chaos of false starts, abandoned projects, literary air-castles, which Coleridge was always building round himself. This is technical; and of the rest nothing seems important, and its main interest lies in the amplification of such well-known themes as Byron's generosity and the protracted quarrel with Wordsworth. There is also a danger that an outbreak of Coleridge-and-opium studies will follow the documentation of his addiction in these volumes. So rich in sheer bulk is Professor Griggs's haul that one easily forgets the heavy losses: of literary letters to Lamb, love letters to Sara Hutchinson, letters of all sorts to the Wordsworth family. On the whole it is a kindly pessimism that supposes the better half to have perished.

JOHN JONES

Lord Chief Oracle

The Chief. By ROBERT JACKSON. *Harrap*. 21s.

Biography has not done well by the High Court Judges of the past half-century. Bechofer Roberts on Humphreys is still in a class on its own; the rest are, for the most part, conventional panegyrics flatly written by Judges' clerks and others who have found themselves able simultaneously to rush in and fear to tread. But they all subserve the principle that any judge must be a great man. Mr Robert Jackson's book on Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England from 1922 to 1940, is therefore an important addition to the literature of the law, to the grammar of political log-rolling, and, indeed, to English biography.

If it could have come out a year ago it would have thrown an opportune light on the hotly-debated question of an Attorney-General's supposed right of succession to the Lord Chief Justiceship; many people were then apprehensive (though some may have been hoping) that Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller was going to succeed Lord Goddard. Mr Jackson tells for the first time, at least in book form, the strangely squalid story of Lloyd George's promise, when Lord Reading was going to India as Viceroy, that Hewart should eventually step up from Attorney to Lord Chief if he would agree to stay in the Commons for another two years. Under great pressure from Reading and the Premier, Hewart relinquished his 'right' on the strength of Lloyd George's promise that his decision to do so should be publicly announced when Lord Trevethin took over the job as caretaker. Lloyd George let him

down, just as, two years later, he let Trevethin down by leaving him to learn from the morning papers of his own 'resignation' to make room for Hewart. And Hewart then knew 'beyond all question', says Mr Jackson, 'that his professed friends' (Lloyd George and Reading) 'had tricked him into waiving his right'.

In the few months before Lord Goddard's successor was known last September, the Attorney-General's 'right' to succeed him was demolished in many learned letters to the newspapers. Yet Mr Jackson shows that in 1920 the principle was accepted by Lloyd George, Birkenhead, Reading, Bonar Law, Darling, Carson, and the King. Our Constitution is wonderfully malleable; and nothing shapes it, perhaps, like the higher forensic scramble which, when the dust has settled (it takes a generation to settle), can be seen to have sorted out what the impious would call the jobs for the boys. Lord Hewart, the draper's son from Bury, owed little enough himself to this process: he combined outstanding ability with a clear knowledge of what he wanted. But he became a great dispenser of preferments – and a nepotic dispenser of briefs – in his years of eminence.

A man of many gifts, he emerges from Mr Jackson's account (though not as Mr Jackson intends, I think) with only moderate credit as a Judge. Like most intelligent men acting out a professional morality he was a mass of contradictions. Though he was always wrongly said to be the author of his favourite aphorism, about the importance that justice should not merely be done but be seen to be done, unquestionably he subscribed to the theory of it. Yet, says Mr Jackson (page 277), 'he often attended to his private correspondence' in Court, 'apparently oblivious' to the trial going on before him; and by his own definition it is that word 'apparently' which condemns him for it. Ten years after his sensational attack on the Ministries and the civil servants in *The New Despotism*, a good deal of which could be justified today, he was regretting that he ever wrote it: he now saw that the Welfare State was bound to be dependent, after all, upon delegated legislation, and he had fallen out of love with Parliament, particularly the House of Lords.

He committed more than once the unforgivable judicial sin, and lesser Judges followed suit, of saying angrily to an acquitted prisoner: 'You are exceedingly fortunate in your jury'. He seldom bothered much to conceal his partisanship. His treatment of William Cooper Hobbs, the blackmailer of Prince Hari Singh (Mr 'A'), and of Serjeant Sullivan who represented the odious Hobbs in his subsequent libel actions against newspapers, was so outrageous that injustice was most manifestly seen to be done. A. P. Peaker, later stipendiary Magistrate at Middlesbrough, once complained in the Court of Criminal Appeal that a murder summing-up of Hewart's, though the words were all right, presented the prisoner's case in a tone of scathing disbelief that told the jury plainly what they were to do. I can well believe this, having heard Lord Hewart's summings-up in cases that had enlisted his anger. But the Court of Criminal Appeal is not interested in overtones. 'I am unable to find,' Mr Justice Darling told Mr Peaker, 'where it is laid down that this Court must have gramophone records of a summing-up.' The day may come.

Lord Hewart probably did more than any recent holder of his office to set up the Lord Chief Justice as the national woe-woe man. But the process itself, as described by the obviously well-informed Mr Jackson, makes an entertaining and evocative biography.

C. H. ROLPH

Torpedoed by the Tories

The Religious Problem in English Education: The Crucial Experiment. By JAMES MURPHY. *Liverpool U.P.* 35*s*.

For all the chilling severity of its title and the seeming narrowness of its appeal, this book is much more than a piece of academic antiquarianism. Its scholarship is certainly impressive, the evidence thoroughly investigated and lucidly ordered, the attitude of the writer impeccable in its impartiality. But Dr Murphy has had the luck or tact to light on, and the skill to reconstruct, a theme which strikes forward into the future and poses fascinating questions for the present. And this, I suppose, is simply to say that the writer has historical imagination as well as historical scholarship.

In 1827, more than forty years before the Education Act, the Corporation of Liverpool established two elementary schools from municipal funds with an Education Committee to run them. When in 1835 the Tory Council was turned out and the Liberals returned with a large majority, they set themselves, under Eleanor Rathbone's grandfather, to provide in these schools religious instruction that could be attended by Anglicans, Dissenters and Catholics. There were agreed elements in this instruction, and there were also certain periods put aside for denominational instruction by visiting clergymen. The system the local Liberals had before them, and the system they wished to recommend to the National Government, was the one practised in Ireland which was administered by a joint Catholic-Protestant committee. One would have thought that this was a sensible and civilised arrange-

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ment which might have been a model for the future. The country might have had a unified educational system, the children brought up to speak a common tongue and a hundred years of sectional dispute avoided.

Dissenters and contemporary Catholics at any rate had no difficulty in accepting the system. *The Tablet* supported it and Wiseman defended the Irish version of it before the Select Committee on Education in Ireland. It was watched with interest and sympathy by Cobden, O'Connell and Lord John Russell. Unfortunately the Anglicans behaved with a fanatical and brutal intolerance. The clergy combined in a campaign of virulent abuse, posing like a crew of Southern American fundamentalists as defenders of 'the unmutilated word'. Agitators like the appalling Reverend Hugh M'Neile, a clerical thug, appealed in the name of religion to every violent and anti-religious feeling. The city was torn in two. The country echoed the division. *The Times* called for public meetings to be 'called *instanter* in every town and city to protest against this anti-national and anti-Protestant measure', and pointed to the mischief which would come from allowing the children of Protestants to 'herd with the leprous brood of Papists, Socinians, Freethinkers, and fanatics about to be forced upon them by the Whigs'.

The experiment was doomed when the Conservatives saw the electoral advantage to be gained from an alliance with this extreme and ugly Protestanism. They were returned in 1842 and immediately bundled the whole scheme away, making Anglican doctrine the only instruction permissible and successfully destroying this first, promising exercise in liberality.

WILLIAM WALSH

Shorter Reviews

The Identity of Jack the Ripper. By DONALD MCCORMICK. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

The five murders officially attributed to Jack the Ripper were perpetrated during a period of ten weeks in the autumn of 1888. The victims were all inoffensive East End prostitutes, who were killed most silently and expeditiously and afterwards sliced up in various macabre ways. Murder at the hands of an occasional sexual maniac has always been an occupational hazard of prostitution. But the similarity of these five savage post-mortem dissections indicated the work of a single persistent bloodthirsty individual who proudly proclaimed himself in letters to the Press as 'Jack the Ripper' and even announced the date of his next enterprise. Who was he, and why was he never caught?

In this book Mr Donald McCormick purports to answer these two questions. His sensational description of the crimes has been resuscitated from the accounts of the coroners' inquests printed in contemporary newspapers in full and morbid detail. Beyond the grim facts lies mere conjecture. The police at the time arrested a number of ugly customers on suspicion, to no avail; they were obliged to release them all for lack of evidence. In later life, when the policemen began to write their reminiscences they were inclined to let their fancy roam. Sir Melville Macnaghten, the head of the CID, claimed twenty-five years afterwards that he had documentary proof of the identity of the criminal but 'had burnt the papers'. Why? The Jack the Ripper letters which used to be on exhibition in the Black Museum are now declared to be forgeries. Why? Mr McCormick's own theory depends upon the manuscript diary of an old Dr Dutton who died in 1935, from which he constantly quotes. But his bibliography contains no reference to this diary. Why? All parties concerned in the case, including the anonymous Ripper, must now be dead; so any further attempts to get a conviction might well be adjourned *sine die.*

R. P.

Socialism in South-East Asia. By SAUL ROSE. *Oxford.* 28*s.*

This is a heavily documented book about Socialism in South-East Asia during a period when documents have often mattered much less than personalities. Most of the Socialist parties are post-war, led by men and women whose main political aim had been the defeat of colonialism. What clearly emerges from Saul Rose's survey is the relative failure of Asian socialists to work out, as Mao Tse-tung did for Asian communism in his *New Democracy,* the application of socialist principles to their own countries. There are notable exceptions; U Ba Swe in Burma, where the Socialist Party as an organisation has been submerged in the ruling AFPFL until the split in 1958, and Asoke Mehta whose thesis of socialist co-operation was so disastrously turned down by his party. But just as communist parties have slavishly followed Moscow, Asian socialists have assumed that Transport House, or its colonial equivalent, could provide a rough and ready textbook. Saul Rose, assuming this western superiority, quotes manifestoes, constitutions, programmes for progress, any one of which might have been drafted for the Annual Conference of the Labour Party in the Thirties. He overlooks the essential difference that the Labour Party was not only a mass movement itself but part of a wider movement embracing trade unions and co-operatives, whereas the Socialist parties in South Asia tended to be parties of the elite, the indigenous ruling class representative of the tiny majority of educated people in a colonial and therefore backward society. This was particularly true in Indonesia, where the socialist leaders believed in an elite, a closed membership, until elections proved the lack of realism in this concept and other political parties based on nationalism began working out their own interpretation of socialism.

Saul Rose visited both the first and the second Asian Socialist Conferences and records the movement away from purely western concepts of democratic socialism. On one point all Asian leaders are united, whether it is Mr Nehru who is not a member of a socialist party or Sjahrir who still leads the small party in Indonesia, or Lee Kuan Yew, Chairman of the PAP. That is anti-colonialism. But, with the possible exception of the Burmese, the author concludes that socialists have not yet found the right approach to the peasant masses without whom the road to socialism, however that word is interpreted, cannot be built.

D. W.

A third volume of *The Diaries of J. M. Ruskin* edited by Joan Evans and J. H. Whitehouse (Oxford, 70*s.*) covers the years 1874-1889. In *I Forgot to Tell You* (Hart-Davis, 21*s.*) L. E. Jones gives a further selection of reminiscences to add to his previous volumes. *A Reader's Guide to W. B. Yeats* (Thames & Hudson, 21*s.*) is a poem-by-poem analysis by John Unterecker of Columbia University.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,548 **Set by Anne Hathaway**

'A poor mother scraped to bring up her son Johnny. Now he must leave her and go to a distant land. "Where is your hair, Johnny?", asks his mother. "They shore me of it by the River Danube." (i.e., he was conscripted and had his hair cut.)' This is how the words of a folk nocturne by Janacek are translated into English on a record sleeve. Competitors are invited to render one verse of any of the following into Translators' English: *Auld Lang Syne, Frankie and Johnny, What Shall we do with a Drunken Sailor, Billy Boy, The Foggy Foggy Dew, The Ash Grove, John Peel.* Entries by 3 November.

Result of No. 1,545 **Set by Tadpole**

Competitors are invited to produce an extract from the stream of consciousness of a Parlia-

mentary candidate during the chairman's opening remarks at a public meeting.

Report

Whatever their political convictions, the candidates were cynics to a man – as contemptuous of their own fine words as of the Chairman's bumblings, their eyes held not by the flush of zeal in the party worker's face but by that well-shaped pair of legs in the front row. And rather than emulate the minnow-like dartings and free flow of associations of a Clarisse Dalloway or a Molly Bloom, competitors tended to serve up the highly rational words which the candidate had to bite back before he committed political suicide – for instance, Doris's 'what a lousy bunch of franchise, not a decent heckler'; or Allan M. Laing's

I'll eat my hat if there's one coot
Among this lot who has enough real spunk

To ask a question let alone throw fruit
Lord, if I could slip out and get dead drunk!

Two guineas each to H. A. C. Evans and Peter Veale; a guinea to Hilary; honourable mention to Martin Fagg, Goodwill, Henry Walter, Stanley J. Sharpless, T. O. M.

. . . Suez. Cyprus. Hola. Hola hope, Hola hope, Swing the votes with a Hola hope. And Tom's your flipping uncle. Complete with knobs and brass balls. You can swing 'em to an' fro, you can tie 'em in a knot, you can tie 'em in a bow. But, ladies and gentlemen and morons and stinkers, the Bow Group boys are only the Carlton Club way down East. Mm. Might polish up. Make a catch phrase and create a personality. But keep personalities out of this campaign. The spacious champagne. Good ole Charlie. A proper Charlie. Clapham is the busiest junction in the South. Junction with us, clots and cloutheads, and together we shall march forward to a glorious future. Memo. Tell Bob to sell that lot and buy the other. Nice legs. Middle class Saucy or left wing Liberal. Charming liberal, liberal charms. Vote Labour and bring forth a mouse.

H. A. C. EVANS

Glad to welcome candidate me. Madam Chairman, committeewoman busybody. Not bad body actually. Careful. Concentrate on audience who all know me she says. Chap in third row, nasty customer. Cauliflower ears. Planted by opponent. Cauliflower plant. Proliferating proletarian plant. Quatermass monster. Quatermasses of people demand sound statesmanship. Men of stature. Chairmadam of stature, not bad at all. Perhaps time for few questions after. May I ask one question Madam Chairman? Careful. No breath of scandal. Clean fun rather. Make 'em laugh. Gaitskellduggery. Bevans alive! Uproarious. Brings much-needed wit to Westminster. Captivates Madam Chairman. Careful. Steady now. Nobody wants listen chairmadam all want hear candidate. Hear hear candidate. Clap clap open my trap. Madam Chairman . . .

PETER VEALE

Ladies and gentlemen? – there they are all right though only Sam – thank heaven for agents – knows where they come from or why – whose interests are henceforth *my* interests, like the foundrymen's interests yesterday, the farmers' this afternoon, the ratepayers' tomorrow – but they don't believe me, do you, you wizened witch in the first row with your eyes popping – you'll know me next time, ma'am, or is my fly unzipped? – Parliamentary Candidate On Exposure Charge – that'd *really* set me up as a Prominent Local Figure, pledged to support my constituents on Crucial Issues – though what Issue could be Crucialer than when do I get my beauty sleep? 50 per cent don't know and 50 per cent don't care, provided I bring to this job those sterling qualities etcetera, as though you need any qualities in this job beyond a set of warm underclothes and a taste for starvation. Politics? Oh come, let's keep politics out of this. . . .

HILARY

City Lights

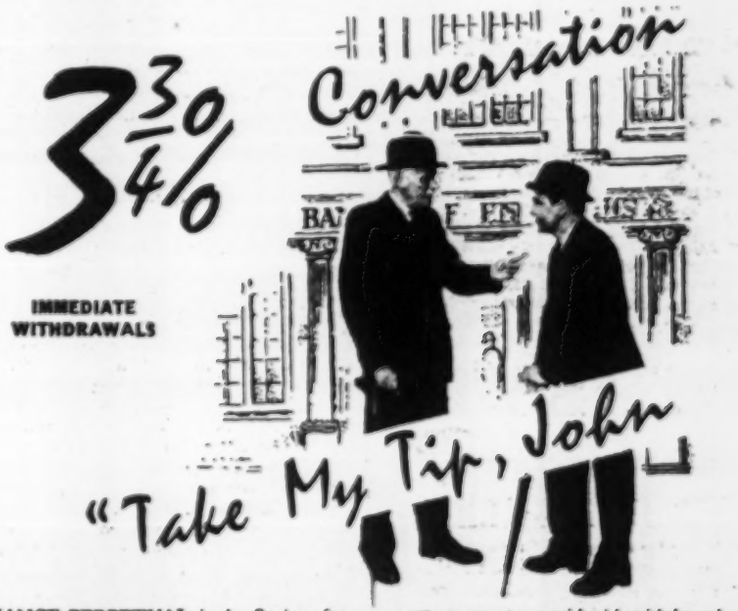
The Morning After

The only thing that has prevented the steel companies, during the past three years, from raising large sums in the market to help finance their development programmes has been the artificially depressed level of share prices. The election is over, the market has boomed, and Stewarts & Lloyds is rushing to take advantage of the new situation with a haste which any short-term speculator will regard as indecent. The company has made no secret for some time past of the fact that it wished to raise fresh equity capital but preferred, until the election had been decided one way or the other, to rely on bank overdrafts: the group overdraft, consequently, has risen from £6m to £12m over the past year. The situation, given the tolerant attitude of most bankers at the moment, could have been allowed to persist for a few months longer if the end of the company's expansion programme was in sight, but it is not. A year ago there was £28m of work approved, after scaling-down and stretching-out; today, after expenditure of some £16m during the year, there is still £20m of work approved. The oil recession and the postponement of over-ambitious pipeline plans has badly hit the company's tube interests; its profits before tax in the year just ended are likely to be down from just over £14m to just over £10m, temporarily reducing its ability to finance its plans from its own resources by some £2m a year. It is now, therefore, to raise just on £14m by a rights issue to shareholders, enough to pay off its overdraft and leave it with a little in hand. But since any recovery in profits over the next couple of years is likely to be at least partly offset by new expansion plans, another Stewarts & Lloyds issue already seems a possibility.

Mr Stewart's haste was deplored by those who feared – wrongly – that it might unsettle a market which has still to settle down to post-election normality. In fact, there is probably only one other steel company which needs fresh capital quite so desperately – Consett, a company whose last results were so bad that it may well think it wiser to wait until improved trading conditions are reflected in its profits before rushing to the market. Two other companies, Dorman Long and Steel of Wales, may wish to raise equity capital at some time for the sake of repaying debt and reforming their capital structure, but there is no particular hurry about it. Steel companies as a whole, of course, now that market conditions have changed so radically, will probably choose to pay more reasonable dividends in the future and depend on the market to a correspondingly greater extent for financing their expansion: most of them will probably be making issues within the next two or three years. Before this happens, however, the steel market will probably have to absorb the denationalisation of Richard Thomas & Baldwin.

* * *

The abolition of the travel allowance has been inevitable for a fortnight. A Tory election victory smoothed the way for the next step towards convertibility, the nonchalance with which the sterling exchange rate faced the vicissitudes of the



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election campaign made it possible to take it without concern. The travel allowance was the obvious thing to work on—first, because the effect of an increase was likely to be negligible; second, because the distinction between the £250 allowed for Scandinavia and the £100 allowed for other places has been absurd since the merging of exchange rates a year ago; and third, because the travel year is officially deemed to begin in November. Nobody was much surprised. Nobody will be much surprised, in fact, if the Government goes on to ease the restrictions on dollar imports. Not only has the weakening of the dollar made old restrictions temporarily obsolete, but Britain has every reason to deprive the United States of any possible excuse for slipping back into protection; next week's meeting of the GATT, when the US will probably make a strong plea for the free trade to which it adheres so much more strongly in theory than in practice, provides the obvious opportunity for an announcement. Any announcement will immediately raise the question of full convertibility under Article VIII of the International Monetary Fund and the need, which the Radcliffe Committee emphasised, to insist that the back door is left open before the front door is finally shut.

* * *

The gilt-edged market has looked perkier during the past week or two than for months past, and the government broker has sold a good deal of stock. There's been a certain amount of illogical post-election high spirits, of course—eccentric punters buying what nobody else seemed to be buying and justifying themselves with mutters about sound money—and a certain re-awakening of interest in surtax-payers' low-coupon stocks; the insurance companies and pension funds, too, have been spending money held in reserve until the election was over. But there doesn't seem much hope for the moment of any important cut in short- or long-term interest rates. If the gilt-edged market is to recover from the difficulties which now beset the bond-washer, it must rely on the equity boom or the banks. If the equity boom goes much further, the big institutional investors may decide that fashion has outrun the likelihood of persistent inflation and notice that gilt-edged yields are attractive. More immediately, there is the matter of the banks. Bank advances have risen fantastically since the end of the credit squeeze a year ago. If the rise has to be checked artificially by recourse to Grandma's special deposits gimmick, there will be little scope for a rush into the gilt-edged market. But if the banks decide without official prompting that enough is enough they may well put a large part of their rising deposits over the next two or three months into the gilt market; they can well afford to.

Company News

Sir Frederick Hooper and Mr Charles Clore will certainly have no difficulty in satisfying the comfortably loose canons which the City, at Grandma's fluttered request, proposes to lay down for takeover bids (which the City prefers to describe as 'offers'). *Schweppes*, having acquired *Chivers*, has now acquired control of *Hartley's* from the family: investors must presumably accustom themselves to the thought of gin-and-marmalade. Mr Clore's new acquisition, *Mappin & Webb*, is bidding for Garrard's, the Crown jewellers; the two companies, one specialising in silverware and the other in jewellery, have been discussing a merger since long before Mr Clore's time, and the high price which Mr Clore is offering suggests that joint management would be a good thing for both.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 519. Turning the Tables

To find oneself in what looks like a desperate position (with all the kibitzers clicking their tongues and shaking their heads in commiseration) and then, all of a sudden, to stave off disaster and, indeed, to reverse one's fortunes—that, no doubt, is every chess player's dream. Here's a case in point. /2kr4/ppp2p1p/2b1ppr1/8/2PKt4/6Pq/P1P1BP1P/R2Q1RK1/. Mate is threatened, with B-B3 failing against . . . R x Kt, and P-KB3 against . . . R x P ch; should White resign? No. He plays (1) Kt x B!, R x Q; (2) KR x R, P x Kt; (3) P-B5!! Now it's White threatening mate in two and practically forcing . . . R-Kt1, whereupon (4) QR-Kt1 decides the issue. I took this from Fred Reinfeld's *Complete book of Chess Stratagems*, published by *Mayflower*, London, at 21s. Considering that a player's knack for spotting combinative possibilities must be conditioned by the store of significant positions carried in his memory, it stands to reason that his prowess must be improved by increasing that store of memories. Hence, that useful purpose must inevitably be served by a large collection of really significant positions (usually 'knock-out' positions) exemplifying such ever recurring themes as the vulnerable King, the vulnerable castled position, vulnerable units, threats and traps. That's exactly what Reinfeld has done by assembling as many as 488 well picked examples and adding, for good measure, two score of 'self-quiz' positions to give the reader a chance of testing the extent of his quickened perception. A most useful book, no doubt, and the only quarrel I have with it is the author's omission of sources. No doubt, he had his reasons, and in a good many cases such as, say, a typical 'smothered mate' position or /r3r2k/2R3pp/pp1q1p2/8/3P3R/7P/PP3PP1/3Q2K1/ with the obvious (and yet highly instructive) R-sacrifice and Q-R5-B7-Kt7 to follow, there seems little doubt either that he concocted or conveniently amended certain positions; but I can see no reason why so celebrated a combination as Zukertort's against Blackburne at London, 1883 and a good many other 'classics' of chess literature should be quoted without due credit for their creators. Having said this I have nothing but praise for so handily useful a book; and to show what I mean, here's an example properly listed for the 'vulnerable castled position'. It might as well serve as our 4-pointer under the heading of 'consistency' and let beginners bear in mind that Black, so as to get the chance of . . . Q-R8 mate, must strive to dominate the White King's only escape square, at whatever sacrificial cost. How then does he do it?

For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are both wins. the former fairly easy (and instructive too), the latter not so easy, unless one bears in mind that what matters is to counter Black's ingenious attempts at getting away with a stalemate by an equally ingenious 'tempo-duel'. Usual prizes. Entries by 2 November.

B: A. Wotawa: /8/2p5/P2p1kp1/P5r1/4P3/2R5/1p6/1K6/.

C: V. A. Bron, 1950: /6R1/1b2qpKt1/5p2/p2pk3/6P1/P5P1/3PP1PK/8/.

REPORT on No. 516. Set 3 October.

A: (1) R-Kt7 ch??, QxR!! (2) PxQ, P-Kt7 etc.
B: (1) Q-K1 ch, K-B7; (2) Q-B1 ch, K-Kt6; (3) Q-Kt2 ch, K-B5; (4) Q-Kt4 ch, K-Q4; (5) Q-Q6 ch, K-B5; (6) Q-B5 ch, K-Kt6: (7) Q-Kt4 ch, K-B7; (8) Q-Kt2 ch etc.

C: (1) K-B3!, K-R6; (2) K-B4!, K-R5; (3) P-Kt4, P-Kt4 ch; (4) K-Q3!, K-R6 (forced); (5) P-Kt5, P-Kt5; (6) P-Kt6, P-Kt6; (7) P-Kt7, P-Kt7; (8) K-B2! K-R7; (9) P—Q ch etc.

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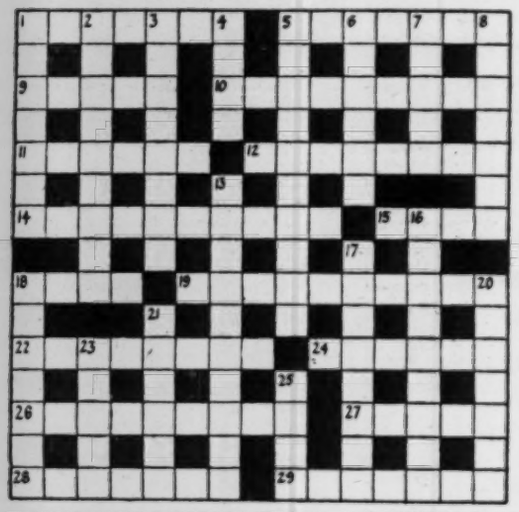

ACROSS

1. I cop the broken vase (7).
5. The place of the relative in Buddhist writing (7).
9. A synthetic polymeric amide to be found in any London shop (5).
10. What one may write on initially to make people thirsty (9).
11. Turn upside down although motionless about five (6).
12. Runner whose starting price comes first (8).
14. They provide the joints, apparently in crockery meant for another course (10).
15. Took off and started to leave backwards (4).
18. Appointment as the mark of victory (4).
19. Treaty which corrupted real lives around the south (10).
22. Daring combination of two towns (8).
24. Foot story (6).
26. It is surprising, but without the drink there would still be something to eat (9).
27. Fat to be seen without a number (5).
28. A play about a VIP makes money (7).
29. Eliot is unhappy for the cruel (7).

DOWN

1. Priest who is quiet about a quarrel (7).
2. Provides a view of a discoverer in the river (9).
3. Spells of hypocritical talk with tears (8).
4. Observe you include an extra note when rising (4).
5. Show with a band interrupted by refreshments (10).
6. Material for a doctor on the air (6).
7. 'Who hath seen the Grocer —— housemaids to his teas?' (Chesterton) (5).
8. Dressed up but internally sober with wrath (7).
13. The composer looks shocked over the train crash (10).
16. Thieves almost all somehow slip free (9).
17. Means of warming the out-of-work about to go courting (8).
18. Congratulated when despair has been dissipated (7).
20. 'His soul shall taste the —— of her might' (Keats) (7).
21. Drink often associated with the hop (6).
23. If the moon rose it would be some help (5).
25. Times when wise men are beheaded (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 374

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited for two posts of Educational Psychologist to assist with the organisation and conduct of the Council's Schools' Psychological Service. The first allocation of one successful candidate will be as a member of the Woodberry Down Child Guidance Unit team. There are particular fields of work in special boarding schools and Day classes for Maladjusted Children and in Remedial Classes for Retarded Children. A Teachers' Centre with a Department for Remedial Education offers opportunities for lecturing and specialisation in remedial work. Applicants should possess good academic and professional qualifications in Educational Psychology. Clinical and teaching experience are essential. Special consideration will be given to candidates who have experience in the field of local authority work and the ability to lecture. Salary £1,040-£1,605; appointment may be made above the minimum. Application forms with details from the Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/M), County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 9 Nov., 1959. (2233)

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Senior Educational Psychologist required as soon as possible. Candidate should (a) hold a degree in psychology or its equivalent, (b) have pursued a post-graduate training course in educational psychology, (c) have had teaching experience, and (d) have held a post as Educational Psychologist. Salary in accordance with Scale II for Educational Psychologists (Soulbury Award). Particulars and application form (returnable by 30 October, 1959) from the Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Town Hall Annexe, Barking Road, East Ham, London, E6.

ESSEX Education Committee, Borough of Ilford. Applications are invited for the post of a third Senior Psychiatric Social Worker at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of the University of London or other approved certificate or diploma. Salary in accordance with the current scale of the Whitley Councils for the Health Services (Great Britain), £610 rising to £845 per annum, plus London Weighting. The Clinic is a large one employing two Psychiatric Social Workers and two Psychologists, two part-time Child Psycho-therapists, and has nine Psychiatric sessions. Weekly case conferences are held and P.S.W.'s take part in long-term case-work with the Psychiatrists and Child Psycho-therapists. Applications to be made by letter, giving full details of age, qualifications and experience, to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

ORGANISER required for Northumberland, Cumberland and Westmorland (centre Newcastle). Must be able to lecture on several NCLC subjects. Salary £620 rising to £725. Commencing rate dependent on qualifications and experience. Removal allowance; four weeks' annual holiday; superannuation scheme. Apply to J. P. M. Miller, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

PADDINGTON General Hospital, Harrow Road, W9. Young lady required as Student Electrocardiograph Technician with training at two large General Hospitals. Interesting post offered with training allowance of £200 p.a. at age 17, to £275 p.a. at age 21. GCE or equivalent desirable. Further details obtainable from the Technician at Paddington General hospital. CUNningham 4884 Ext. 327. Applics to Hospital Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required by LCC as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Greenwich Chest Clinic, Maze Hill, SE10. Must possess Cert. of Institute of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science cert. £679 (at age 24) – £884, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Duties include medico-social work and acting as Secretary to Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Application form returnable by 2 Nov. from Divisional Medical Officer, St Paul's House, High Street, Deptford, SE8. (2228)

MIDDLESEX County Council. Welfare Dept. (1) Welfare Officer reqd for supervisory/welfare duties in connection with 8 homeless family hostels. Car essential; allowance payable. Salary APT I £640-£795 (if 26 or over). For further particulars apply to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Bldgs, Dartmouth Street, SW1, by 30 Oct. Education Dept. (2) Part-time Youth Leader (with suitable experience) reqd in Willesden on 2 evenings p. wk. Remuneration 29s. 6d. p. eve. Full particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 30 Oct. Both posts: prescribed conditions. (Quote A.638 NS & N.)

YORK. The Educational Settlement. Applications are invited from Honours Graduates for appointment to the post of Warden of the York Educational Settlement, to commence duties as soon as possible in 1960. The Settlement is an independent adult education centre with a large programme of University Extra-Mural, LEA language, recreational and craft classes. The Warden is responsible for the day-to-day administration of the centre and the framing of the academic programme. He is expected to take classes in his subject as the opportunity arises. Secretarial assistance and adequate caretaking help is provided. Salary offered is £900 p.a. by £25 to £1,000 p.a. plus the use of the Warden's unfurnished residence which adjoins the Settlement. Candidates should have had some prior experience in adult education. Further particulars and application forms, returnable by 9 November 1959, can be obtained from The Secretary, The Educational Settlement, Hoigate Hill, York.

MEDICAL Research Council require Secretary/Shorthand-typist, speeds 100/40 w.p.m., for their Psychiatric Genetics Research Unit, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, SE5. Salary, according to age, qualifications and experience, up to £11 8s. rising to £12 1s. per week; additional proficiency allowances for higher qualifications. Superannuation provision. Three weeks' paid holiday. Apply to Director of Unit at the above address.

ST JOHN'S and Manor House Hospital Management Committee. St John's Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury, Bucks. Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a Mental Hospital with 860 beds and an extensive out-patients' service. Candidates must hold a Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Applications, with two names for reference, to the Physician Superintendent, St John's Hospital, forthwith.

INTELLIGENT, cultured lady take charge household of widower, three school-going children, S. Africa. Reply Advocate Hinson, 924 His Majesty's Buildings, Johannesburg.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NEWCASTLE upon Tyne Hospital Management Committee. Newcastle General Hospital. Applications are invited from men or women over twenty-two years of age for the post of Trainee Psychiatric Social Worker in the Department of Psychological Medicine at the Newcastle General Hospital. This is a joint Hospital and University Department and consists of a 54-bedded in-patient unit with associated out-patient and child psychiatry units. Candidates must have a qualification in Social Science and should preferably be graduates. The post offers a good opportunity for practical experience which would be of value to anyone wishing to proceed to further training. The successful candidate will be required to take up duties as soon as possible as the vacancy should normally terminate on 1 October 1960. Salary at age 23: – £530 p.a., at 24, £550; at age 25, £570; at 26, £590; at 27, £610. Applications with names and addresses of two referees to be submitted by 31 October to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Newcastle upon Tyne, from whom further information may be obtained.

THE National Association for Mental Health, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. (Approved School for Senior Girls.) Educational Psychologist. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist at the above School for three sessions per week. Candidates should possess an honours degree in Psychology and if possible Child Guidance Training. They should have had some experience with adolescent girls. Applications to the Correspondent, Duncroft, 39 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

THE National Council of Social Service has vacancy at its Midland Regional Office in Birmingham for Old People's Welfare Officer to undertake general advisory work and organisation of training courses for voluntary workers. Experience of social work and teaching desirable. Car provided; ability to drive essential. Starting salary £675–£750 according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation scheme. Details and application forms from 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. Closing date 30 October.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Head of unit conducting research of psychology, motivation, etc., reqs secretary with cool initiative and pleasant personality. West End Office. No Sats. Salary accg to age and experience. Box 11666.

CITY of Sheffield – Children's Department. Headmistress for 'Moorside' Girls' School, Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Headmistress of an Approved School which is being established in 1960, accommodating 84 girls aged between 15 and 17 years on admission. Attention is drawn to the special nature of this appointment. The school will be run on experimental lines and will seek to care for disturbed older adolescent girls on the small group system. Applicants should have teaching or social science qualifications with knowledge of modern trends in Approved Schools or allied fields of work. The applicant will require to have sympathy with and understanding of adolescent girls, interest in their welfare, ability to organise training and after care arrangements. Stress will be laid on social rehabilitation as well as remedial education. Salary scale £1,050 × 21 – £1,365 plus training and graduate allowances with equal pay increments, less £183 15s per annum emoluments. Superannuable appointment, subject to medical examination. Applications stating date of birth, education, training qualifications, experience, past and present appointments (with dates) and the names and addresses of three referees should be sent by 6 November 1959 to John Heys, Town Clerk.

IDEAS, Culture, Responsibility – starting January; 6 months' or year's residential course in Political Theory, Literature, Economics, etc., for women over 20, for personal development or as preparation for professional training. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants available. Advice and Prospectus from Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

SECRETARIAL Assistant (part-time, preferably 5 afternoons p.w.) required for new research unit in psycho-pharmacology at University College London (Gower St, WC1). Good typist with some shorthand; intelligent; willing to learn simple computing; good with people. Acquaintance with psychology or medical sciences helpful but not essential. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

ASSISTANT Welfare Officer required by engineering company in Outer West London. Young lady between 24 and 35 years of age required with training or experience in Social Science or Personnel Management. Excellent prospects of promotion. Send full particulars to Box 11718.

ASSET desires to appoint, from persons with either supervisory or technical and trade union experience, a full-time official based on London. Salary £769 10s. per annum rising by two annual increments to £869 10s. plus expenses and allowances. Application Forms from: The General Secretary, Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives and Technicians, 'Sutton House', 2-4 Homerton High Street, London, E9.

CHRISTIAN Action has vacancy on its staff for young lady, preferably 22-30, with typing and shorthand and/or bookkeeping. Interest in its work and ability to oversee small general office essential. Apply in writing to Canon L. John Collins, 2 Amen Court, EC4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AGRICULTURAL Economists, (a) 2 main grade, (b) 1 Assistant, in Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. Pensionable posts in London for men and women. Age on 1.8.59 at least 28 for (a); at least 21 and normally under 28 for (b). 1st or 2nd Class honours degree in economics, agriculture, horticulture or closely related subject; or closely comparable qualification. Posts (a) call for at least 3 years' appropriate post-graduate or other experience. Knowledge of statistical methods or practical experience of agriculture or horticulture an advantage. Duties include investigation of changes in financial conditions of agriculture and factors affecting agricultural output, analysis of farm accounting data, and preparation of material for farm and horticultural management advisory work. Men's London salary scales: £1,233–£1,460; (b) £655–£1,150. Starting salary above minimum possible in both cases. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5045/59. Closing date 11 Nov, 1959.

GRANADA TV are developing their European Production Division. Applications are invited from persons with administrative, production or engineering experience in television and who have a fluent command of one or more European language (especially French, German or Italian). Persons who fulfil these requirements are invited to write, stating position applied for, experience and language qualifications, to Norman Price, Personnel Manager, Granada TV Network Limited, Manchester, 3.

WANTED by West End School, part-time teacher of English to foreigners. Must be experienced. Person with commercial knowledge willing to help with administration an advantage. Box 11807.

SECRETARY req. for Professor of Chemistry. Ability to type accurately more important than speed. Apply in writing to Assistant Bursar, The University, Reading, Berks.

PART-time Secretary willing to teach Shorthand/typewriting, wanted by West End School. Must be efficient and have good speeds. Box 11849.

ARCHITECT, small city office, requires S/H. typist for general duties. 5-day week. Bl.Shopsgate 8139.

COMPETENT, intelligent secretary required by writer; part or full time. Work interesting, salary moderate. Box 11874.

GADDING down to Glyndebourne or pushing at the Proms you will find your kind of job at the Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn (next to Gamages), EC1. HOL. 0390.

P.A./Secretary (woman), 25/35, for Architects office W1. Sal. £12. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

CAREERS, Problems – consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37A Devonshire Street, W1. Tel. Welbeck 8017.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SENIOR Executive, 46, single, FCIS, seeks appointment with progressive company as Secretary/Accountant, Chief Accountant or Cost Controller. Wide practical experience of Standard costs, Budgetary control, integrated management and financial accounts, statistics, mechanised accountancy, secretarial and gen. admin. Salary £1,750–£2,000 p.a. London, N. Middx or S. Herts. pref. Box 11770.

NEWSWOMAN, American, 37, arriving mid-Dec., would like to live and work in England. Exp. news/feature reporting, several yrs ed./pub. own monthly; often imaginative writer; desires city or entry post. Box 11010.

EXPERIENCED Secretary (28), widely travelled, fluent French, seeks interesting and stimulating work. Box 11857.

GERMAN girl seeks part-time domestic job in North-West area. Wishes to bring own upright piano. Box 11749.

CAPABLE young woman; literary interests, good English, experienced secretary, proof-reader, desires work with editorial dept or with publisher. Box 11707.

STUD. m. 24, broke shs p/t job. Driver. Anything consid. Roberts, PAR. 2488.

YOUNG Composer/pianist, wide interests, urgently seeks remunerative part-time occupation. Box 11855.

OXFORD graduate, 28, wanting to write, is looking for employment in London to support life in his garret. Can cook, teach, tutor, write interview. Box 11739.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

EFFICIENT Typing. From envelopes to manuscripts. Sanderstead 2821.

DUPLICATING, Shorthand, Typing, Translating. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, N11. (ENT. 3324.)

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TEM. 5588.

JAY Cory for all typing duplicating. Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, S.W.1. ABBey 2354/5817.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Also photo-copying of documents, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. The Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 583

'POWER.' A Conference to explore the exercise of power in political, social and personal relationships has been arranged by the Progressive League at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, from Friday to Sunday, 13-15 Nov. Speakers: Dr Ismond Rosen (of the Portman Clinic), J. Allen Skinner, J. D. Handyside and Alan Lovell. Stimulating discussion and friendly company; country and ballroom dancing. Fee £3 17s. 6d. to Jack Small, White Cottage, Burtonhole Lane, London, NW7, from whom leaflet may be obtained. Coach to door available.

RELAX with a paint-brush! Learn to paint well in Oils and Watercolours. Personal ICS Home Study offers you a wonderful hobby! Free Winsor and Newton set when you start! Apply: International Correspondence Schools, Intertext House, Parkgate Road, Dept. P2, London, SW11.

SPECIALISED Tuition in pianoforte playing, technique & repertoire. Constance Bulmer, 32 Trevor Place, SW7. KEN. 4624.

RUSSIAN, French, German. Expert Tuition by native teachers. Priv. lessons, small classes, conversation groups. French corres. crses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

PRIVATE tuition (Shorthand, Typing). Boarding for out of town students. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

GCE Courses in English, Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Part- or full-time. Day or Evening. Reduced fees for long courses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 6392.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

RUSSIAN lessons. Full consideration to individual interests. EUS. 2063.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton, FLAxman 7967.

PERSONAL

RELEASED prison Nov., man, 37, single, sincerely desires to make good, seeks employment Southern England. Country work preferably with accommodation. Box 11752.

OXFORD. Organised stud. ski parties during winter vac. Austria 14 days £29. Switzerland £32. Also Paris trip 10 days £13. Dets M. Bottomley, St Edmund Hall, Oxford.

SECOND-hand Lon. Ph.D. gown and hood wanted. Collins, 3 East Ave, Leicester.

SLADE Scholarship Student experienced children, cooking, seeks large bed/workroom at low rental in return conscientious help 2 evgs p.w. & at alternate wkends. Offers invited W11, W2, WC1. Box 11784.

CONTINENTAL writer invites applics. from men & women aged about 21-23 for joining adventurous around world tour. No financial contribution reqd. Box 11772.

FLATLET, quiet, cen., s/c., use piano, taperecorder, typewriter, Eng./Fr. ref. lib., offd by Eng. televised play translator, script/lyric writer, tutor (MA) to mature part-time helper. Trainee or potential partner cons. Please state help offd & wanted. Box 2.

1923 twenty dollar gold piece. Any offers? Box 11717.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday crses: 3 LP records, 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No dep. Barmerlee Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone, NS), 10 Bayley St, W1. MUS. 7223.

GERMAN teacher, 31, diploma, wishes to give private lessons. Box 11846.

DISILLUSIONED Townspeople interested in founding small village, please contact Box 11753. Ideas welcome.

PERSONAL—continued

ROME. Independ. accom. in artist's flat. Res. cook-hskpr, all comf, mod., v. cent. Busy person or creative worker prefd, poss. long period. E., 20 via Romagnosi, Roma.

WHY travel abroad when you can meet people from all parts of the world at the All Nations Social Club in Central London? Sub. 10s. p.a. Meetings, dancing, table tennis, snack bar, etc. Details All Nations Social Club, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1.

CHINA Fair & Exhibition, 45 Park Lane, W1. Arts, crafts, stamps, etc. Fri. 23 Oct.—Lecture: 'Art in China', Sir Herbert Read & Paul Hogarth. Chair: John Berger. Sat. 24 Oct.—Chinese concert. Film shows daily. Ends Monday.

WHAT'S wrong with the ABC? Ask Phonetic Alph. Assn, 86 Dalmain Rd, SE23.

WHEN truth may be buried in prejudice, the Progressive League keeps it alive. Write: (N4), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

THERE'S always something worthwhile doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send card for details.

INTELLIGENCE. May we test yours? Mensa needs more very bright people for its postal research panel. Send 9 in. × 4 in. s.a.e. to M.S.5, 'Sandringham', Briscoe Road, Rainham, Essex.

SADHU Sundar Singh. If interested joining London group, write Box 11725.

STORIES and articles required for American journals. Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Ireland.

INCOME-tax matters (except paying) attended to, annual accounts prepared, financial investigations undertaken. Normal professional fees. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd, NW3. HAM. 6666.

PHYSICAL Culture based on Rhythmic Breathing and Sustained Movement Relaxation Exercises. Apps. to Mrs. Melfish, 30 Pembridge Rd, W11. Tel. BAY. 4972 between 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Mon. to Thurs. incl.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illustrations. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

WRITE for profit in spare time – wherever you live. Hundreds of 'RI' students have earned while learning. Send for interesting free booklet – without obligation. The Regent Institute (Dept G/191), Palace Gate, Lon, W8

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee); unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

RUSSIAN lessons given by ex Leningrad graduate. E.R., 31 Mowbray Rd., NW6.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt Toyshop. The right toys at the right age mean busy, happy children. Catalogue free for postal shopping: Dept NS, 94 Wimpole St, W1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KEN. 8042.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e. to Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2.

CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

SPEECHES, books, house mags. Journalist writes confid., promptly. Box 10251.

IMPECUNIOUS but Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

CONTEMPORARY Christmas Cards. Exclusive designs by Annigoni, Michael Ayrton, Henry Moore, John Piper, Tony Armstrong-Jones, etc., in aid of National Fund for Polio Research. Send foolscap s.a.e. for illus. price list to Christmas Card Dept, NFPR Office, Well End, Bourne End, Bucks.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversation & tuition.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply Dept. 162, TV Writing School, 14 Sackville St, W1.

FAMILY Planning requisities by post anywhere. Booklet and Price List free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Box 46, 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Piertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN, WC2
Box Office: Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

THE ROYAL BALLET
Evenings 7.30

26 & 30 Oct. Le Lac des Cygnes
27 Oct. Ballet Imperial, Antigone, Façade
29 Oct. Sylvia

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Evenings 7.30

28 & 31 Oct. Un Ballo in Maschera

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
OPERA SEASON
Evenings 7.30

27 Oct. & 3 Nov. The Flying Dutchman
28 Oct. & 5 Nov. Andrea Chenier
29 & 31 Oct. & 4 & 6 Nov. Cinderella (La Cenerentola)
30 Oct. & 7 Nov. Madam Butterfly

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fr. 8, St., Sn. 5, 8, 'My Friend Judas'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, S. 5 & 8.15, Th. 2.30. Serjeant Musgrave's Dance.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Make Me An Offer,' by W. Mankowitz.

TOWER. 7.30 23, 24, 25 (mems), 29, 30, 31 Oct., new play Norris Harvey's 'Pursue the Dry Stubble.' Book Now. CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. A Rocket for the Governor. Comedy. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
Monday 2 November at 8 p.m.
ROMEO AND JULIET
Scenes from the play and works by:
Tchaikovsky; Prokofiev; Gounod; Berlioz
Virginia McKenna — Tony Britton
Elsie Morison — Charles Craig
Ava June — Alberto Remedios
Sadler's Wells Orchestra
Alexander Gibson

ROYAL Festival Hall, Thursday next 29 Oct. at 8. Lies Askonas presents Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Eugen Jochum. Solo cellist: Janos Starker. Metamorphosen for 23 solo strings – Strauss. Cello Concerto in D – Haydn. Symphony No. 1 in C minor – Brahms. 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d. (WAT. 3191.)

'L'OPERA-Bouffe.' (91st Concert of French Music.) Wigmore Hall, Tues. 10 Nov. at 7.30. Suzanne Lafaye, Robert Moret, Georges Van Parys. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Hall. (WEL. 2141.)

SAT. 31 Oct. 7.30. St George The Martyr, Queen Square, WC1. Bach Cantata, 'Give the hungry man thy bread', written for the Protestant refugees in 1732, and Anthems by Batten and Boyce. Singers: Ilse Wolf, Laura Sarti, John Whitworth, Gerald English, Maurice Bevan. Choir and Orchestra: conductor: Walter Bergmann. Admission free; collection for the World Refugee Year Fund.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E2. Concert by New English Consort on 27 October at 7 p.m. – Handel and his contemporaries. Admission free.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts, Wednesday evenings at 7.45: 28 October, Music and Recordings of 17th and 18th Century Organs: Geraint Jones. 4 November, New World Sounds: Russ Henderson Trinidad Steel Band. 11 November, Wind Music of 18th, 19th and 20th Centuries: Members of New English Orchestra directed by Leonard Rafter. 18 November, Folk Songs of Many Lands: Engel Lund and Ferdinand Ruater. 25 November, Syrinx to Saxophone (A History of Wood Wind): James MacGillivray and Joan Rimmer. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments available 7-7.40 p.m. (1918.)

RECITAL Chinese Music by artists from Peking. Hampstead Town Hall, Mon. 26 October, 7.30 p.m. Admission 3s. 6d. & 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN, HAM 1525. Russian Film Season. The Gorki Trilogy. Until 25 Oct. 'The Childhood of Maxim Gorki' (A). From 26 Oct. 'My Apprenticeship' (U).

THE Companions Club – Friendly, informal dance every Thursday, 8-11 p.m. at the Roebuck, 108a, Tottenham Court Road (opp. Easterns). Mem. 2s., guests 3s. at door or 'phone GER. 3063.

ICA, 17 Dover St., W1. 24 Oct. 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Membs. 3s. Guests 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

DANCE, International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sat. 24 Oct. 7.30-11 p.m. Tkts 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Christmas Cards & Postcards at 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. Send for detd. list.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Architects' Choice. A selection from the collections of modern British Architects. Thursday 29 Oct. to 28 Nov, 10 to 6 daily. Sat. 10 to 1.

MARLBOROUGH Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 'Art in Revolt: Germany 1905-1925'. Chagall, Kirchner, Klee, Kokoschka, Marc, etc. In aid of World Refugee Year. Admn 2s. 6d. Studs 1s. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.

ROY Turner Durrant – Recent Pictures at Grabowski Gallery, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. Until 4 Nov. Daily 10-5. Sunday 2-5.

EXHIBITION of Scottish Crafts by the Scottish Craft Centre at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16/17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W1, until 7 November. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. Heads and Masks. African masks, sculpture from India, Siam, Europe.

DUNOYER De Segonzac: Drawings, watercolours & engravings. An Arts Council exhibition. Royal Academy Diploma Gallery. Till 29 November. Weekdays 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. Julian Trevelyan – The Malta Suite. 7 Cork St, W1. 10-1, Sats 10-6. REG. 3660.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) Paul Millichip—new pntgs.

FROM Hodler to Klee: Swiss Art of the Twentieth Century. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 1 Nov. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Sculpture – Tellem & Dogon from French Sudan. Until 21 Nov. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery. 'Tinguely' Meta-Matics until 31 Oct., 6 Duke St, St James's.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Picabia – First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 14 November. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Paintings and Aquatints by Soulages: Recent paintings by Paul Feiler. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Oct.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Leonard Rosoman & Jacob Bornfriend: Recent Paintings. 10-5.30; Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries: recent paintings Kate Nicholson. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kasimir Malevich 1878-1935. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. Mayfair 4419. Paintings by Fred Palmer, Joan Knoblock, Don Tibbenham. 26 Oct.-14 Nov. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Paintings & Drawings, Peter Coker. From 22 Oct.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club
MARXISM & FREEDOM
Speaker: Raya Dunayevskaya, Monday, 26 October, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
Please note new meeting place: Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq., W1. (2 mins. Warren St. Stn).

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London). Discussion Thurs. 29 Oct. 7.30 p.m. First Fl. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1, led by Santos Mukherjee, on 'The Election and the Commonwealth'. Adm. 1s.

ABORTION Law Reform Association. Public Meeting Wednesday, 28 October 1959 at Caxton Hall, Westminster, 7.15 p.m. 'Safety Aspects of Medical Termination': Prof. W. C. W. Nixon (University College Hosp.) and Miss D. M. Kerslake, MRCOG. Chair – Graham Hutton, OBE. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'General Linguistics and Romance Scholarship' will be delivered by Professor Y. Malkiel (California) at 5.30 p.m. on 30 October at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 27 Oct. 'How Embryos Develop: Grafting Experiments and the Organiser Concept', by Dr Elizabeth M. Deuchar; 29 Oct. 'Life on Mars', by Dr G. E. Fogg.

'CULTURE and Society.' Two Lectures by Raymond Williams at 3 and 5 p.m. on Saturday, 24 October, at Goldsmiths' College, Lewisham Way, SE14 (TID. 2266). Fee 1s. per lecture; tickets in advance or at the door. Further details on application.

TO what extent is Society Responsible for Personality Disorders and Delinquency in Young People?' Three Lecture-Discussion meetings, Alliance Hall, Westminster, beginning Friday evening, 30 October. Full details from Iona Education Centre, 10 Exhibition Road, SW7.

SIR Richard Livingstone on 'The Influence of the Greek and Hebraic Traditions on Western Ideals'; Thurs. 29 Oct. at 8.15 p.m. at Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Hall), 28 St John's Wood Rd, NW8 (opp. Lord's). All welc.

JOHN WAIN speaks on 'The American Literary Scene' in the first of the USIS Autumn Lecture Series, Thurs., 29 Oct. at 8 p.m. in the USIS Lib., 41 Grosvenor Sq.

'ANDREA Chenier', lecture-recital on Giordano's opera by Tom Hammond and singers from the Sadler's Wells Opera. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, (nr Sadler's Wells). Mon. 26 Oct. 7.30. Admission Free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Peter Calvocoressi, 'The Devlin Report'. Wed. 28 Oct., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Vis 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 23 October, 8 p.m. Soviet Films – 'Village Teacher' by Donskoi, 'Tchaikovsky Competition' & others. Russian classes Mon., Wed., Fri. 6.30 p.m. (Beginners, Intermediate, Advanced, preparation for General Certificate.)

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Sat. 31 Oct. 2.45 at 42a Westbere Rd, NW2. J. F. Horrabin 'William Wilberforce'.

DISARMAMENT and World Peace. Swami Avyaktananda, Chairman. The Vedanta Movement, will speak on this vital subject at Vegetarian Restaurant, 112 Earls Ct Rd, W8. Sat. 24 Oct., 7.30 p.m.

BRITISH Yugoslav Soc. 'The Yugoslav Modern Novel'. Talk by Dr E. D. Goy, 10 Nov. 6.30. Ivanhoe Htl, Bloomsbury St, WC1.

AFRICAN Forum. Mrs Raya Dunayevskaya, author, speaks on Americans of African descent in US. Wed. 28 Oct., 7.30. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, Soho, W1.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs. 29 Oct. 'Views on Religion.' Admission free.

GLASGOW – Meeting to form Humanist Group. Tues. 27 Oct. in Roxburgh Room, Grand Hotel, 7.30 p.m. Inquirers welcome.

PUSHKIN, Founder of Great Russian Literature. A joint meeting of Shaw Society & Pushkin Club, addressed by Dr Bertha Malnick, at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 30 Oct., 7 p.m.; non-mems 2s 6d.

SOVIET Criminal Law: explained (in English) by Dr. Boris Nikiforov at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq, W8, on Wed. 4 Nov., 7.30 Questions. Adm. 2s. 6d. (SCR mems. 2s.).

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Major M. B. Lee on 'British Travel Writers on Spain before Ford', on 30 October at 6 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10. Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tues, 27 Oct. 7.30, Discourse. Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs, 29 Oct. 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Self-effort & Divine Grace'. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

S PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun., 11 a.m. 18 Oct. John Lewis, Ph.D. 'Henri Bergson: his Philosophy Reconsidered'. Write free 'Monthly Record', Chamber Music Concert. 6.30.

'IS There a Heaven?' Public Lecture Sun. 25 Oct., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SOCIETY for Education Through Art. 7 Nov. at College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square. 'Integrated Octopuses' (A Forum on Secondary School Art Education). Speakers: Field, de Sausmarez, Ellis. 10.15 a.m. Tickets from SEA Office, 37 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1, or at door.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture Wed., 28 Oct.: 'Practical Application', T. M. Harris. Also Saturday Group 31 Oct., 3 p.m. (reading, discussion, tea – open to all). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Inf. TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 25 October, 6.30. Music & Readings 7 p.m. 'The Mind of Japan': Richard Clements, OBE.

IWC London Branch. Fri., 30 Oct., 8.30, 'Coleridge versus Comberbache', Miss Sylva Norman. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public Lecture. Free.

PACIFIST Universalist Service 3.30 Sun. 25 Oct. 32 Tavistock Sq, Euston. Evelyn Savage, 'The Meaning of Pacifism'.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 20 Oct. J. Hutton Hynd, 'John Dewey on Religion'.

CLEAR Thinking – Join a study group in this subject meeting Thursdays in SW2. Box 11702.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'The Non-Bantu Peoples from Angola'; (i) 'Mucuepes' – 'A Native People from the Moçâmedes Desert'; (ii) 'Bushmen from Angola'; (iii) 'Muquedes' – an Hottentot Tribe from Angola' will be delivered by Professor A. de Almeida (Lisbon) at 5.30 p.m. on 2, 3 and 5 Nov. at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Adm. free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Humanistic Scripts of the 15th and 16th Centuries' will be delivered by Mr A. J. Fairbank at 5.30 p.m. on 2, 6 and 9 November at University College (Anatomy Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

RUSSIAN Students: lectures in Russian, fortnightly at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq, W8. Questions, discussion; Soviet speakers Wed. 28 Oct. Current Soviet Literature; 11 Nov., a Moscow School Today. Begin 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. (SCR members 2s.).

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ITALIAN, French, German (Rome Univ., Sorbonne, Heidelberg). Coaching all exams & scholarships. Also conversation. Chanda HAM. 7322, 7.45-8.45 a.m. Suns. 1.15-2.30.

'ELIZABETHANS Then and Now' – a course in dance and music will be conducted by Lisa Ullmann, Geraldine Stephenson, John Dalby, in Queen Mary Hall, YWCA, Great Russell Street, WC1 on Saturdays, 7 November, 5 December, 1959, and on 23 January, 13 February, 1960. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

LECTURE COURSES—contd. on page 550

'A very serious thing happened on my way here tonight . . .'

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenæum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY. 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden Stamford Street, SE1. Published Weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 3½d, Canada 1d.